

# ILLUSTRATED TIMES

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## THE REFORM QUESTION.

THIS is the season for what the *Times* chooses to call "extra-Parliamentary utterances," which, being interpreted, means speeches made by members of Parliament out of Parliament. Some, like Mr. Bright, address large audiences wherever large audiences can be gathered together in the name of Reform; others, like Mr. Grant Duff, confine themselves to addressing their own constituents. We are not quite sure whether letters written by members of Parliament with a view to their being communicated to meetings at which the writers are unwilling or unable to attend ought to be classed with ordinary "extra-Parliamentary utterances" or not. But Mr. Brand's answer to the invitation of the National Reform Union to attend the Manchester Reform Banquet is looked upon as a sort of political manifesto, and, if it really speaks the views of Lord Russell and Mr. Gladstone, is as important an

"utterance" as any that has been made since the prorogation of Parliament.

The most violent "utterances" heard of late have, of course, been those of Mr. Bright. But, when it is considered that Mr. Edmond Beales and Mr. Ernest Jones were present at the Leeds meeting, among his supporters; that Mr. Forster, though an unimpeachable Liberal, declared against the extreme measures advocated by Mr. Bright; and that the other members for the West Riding were absent, the "demonstration," of which so much was made at the time, does not seem such a very important affair. Whether the numbers present amounted to 50,000, as some of the reporters guessed, or to only a quarter of that number, as was calculated by a military officer on data furnished by the reporters themselves, it is certain that there are a great number of factory operatives at Leeds who desire votes. This is not in itself a conclusive reason for jumping at once to universal suffrage; but there

are abundant signs all over the country that a reform bill, including as its most essential point a considerable extension of the franchise, will have to be discussed, at the meeting of Parliament, as a preliminary to all other work.

From mere wearisomeness, if for no other reason, the opponents of what is vaguely called "Reform"—when what is distinctly meant by the term is a lowering of the suffrage—will now have to give in. Even Mr. Newdegate has shown signs of an inclination to yield, at least to some extent; and it is positively asserted, in quarters likely to be well-informed, that Mr. Disraeli is now actively engaged in preparing a reform bill, which will no doubt be a modification of the one introduced by him in 1859. It is said that in the new bill Mr. Disraeli proposes to make the payment of personal taxes the basis of admission to the franchise. Thus not only would numerous small householders, now excluded, become entitled to vote, but the electoral privilege would also be extended to



DIVERS AT OLD BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE.



all lodgers paying income tax. Only those Liberals who are "liberal" in the political but not in the moral and general sense of the word, would oppose such a bill on the ground that it would bring within the pale of the constitution a considerable number of Conservatives. Still more unfair would it be to object to it—as one or two organs of the extreme party are doing already—on the plea that nothing good can come from Tories, and that it is impossible to gather Liberal figs from Conservative thistles. If the Conservatives bring in a bill, which can be looked upon as an improvement on their experiment of 1859, they will still, perhaps, not be able to pass it without modification; but if they do not mind its being taken to pieces and put together again in Committee, there is no reason why it should not at last, without too many alterations, become law. If, as is confidently asserted, Mr. Gladstone and other leading members of the Liberal party are resolved to listen to nothing until the reform question—which has now occupied the attention of the country for so many years—is disposed of, concessions must be made on both sides. In 1859 the Conservatives were avowedly turned out for party purposes, as the Liberals were turned out for party purposes this year. If the reform question is really to be settled next Session, that most desirable result can only be brought about by a little exercise of political honesty on the part of those who have hitherto been, above all, political partisans. Doubtless, if the Conservatives succeed in passing a reform bill next Session, the fact of their having solved a question which has interfered with the direction of public affairs for years past will be a great point in their favour, and will enable them to remain some time in office. But even at this cost there are many Liberals who are prepared to support them if they will only bring in a fair measure and show themselves ready to accept reasonable suggestions from the other side. The policy recommended by Mr. Brand, in the letter which has excited so much attention, is the exact contrary of that which was followed in 1859 by the Liberal party, and during the Session of the present year by the Conservatives, who turned the Government out simply because they found themselves in a position to do so, and not because they fancied that by ejecting them they would drive out of Parliament the question of reform.

However, if the Liberals retaliate once more by putting Lord Derby in a minority—which, if factiously disposed, they will undoubtedly have the power to do—there is no saying how long the shuttlecock of reform may not be kept in the air between the battledores of party. According to the *Saturday Review*, Mr. Gladstone himself has promised to judge a Ministerial reform bill on its own merits; and the Government will indeed be "inexcusable if it fails to give him the means of redeeming his pledge." In 1859 the Liberal party still seemed impressed with the idea that no reform bill could be genuine unless issued from Lord Russell's manufactory and stamped with his own private mark; but Lord Russell has had abundance of trials, and, though coming into office with a strong majority at his back, has somehow failed to devise a reform bill acceptable to the House of Commons. The experiments of the last ten years have shown that the Conservatives can introduce a measure satisfactory to nearly one half of the House; and that the Liberals, on their part, can do as much, but very little more. The time has now come for a compromise; and that this feeling animates some of our best Liberals we have had many signs of late. Besides the Liberals who voted against the Government on the great division which sealed the fate of the Reform Bill of 1866, there are those Liberals who, while refraining from giving their votes against the Ministerial measure, had nothing to say in its favour. These members could scarcely object to support a reform bill of a sufficiently liberal character on the mere ground that it proceeded from a Conservative Cabinet; but concessions must be made on both sides; and the least display of obstinacy on the part of the Conservative leaders in the face of so general a wish as is now manifested to see the reform question put at rest, would, no doubt, be followed by their immediate expulsion from office.

#### THE DIVERS AT OLD BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE.

Most of our readers of any age above seven have witnessed the melancholy spectacle of the descent of the diver at the Polytechnic, and have contributed a spare copper or two towards the exciting operation. If their patience was not exhausted before he groped for these halfpence at the bottom of the greenish tank, they have heard him tap significantly on the side of his helmet to show that he has been successful; and then, having watched him come lumbering up the short flight of wooden steps, have made the best of their way to the next amusement in that wonderful programme of entertainments.

Now, however, a vast crowd of boys and grown-up people, scores of whom have scarcely heard of the Polytechnic Institution, are daily spectators of a much more astonishing performance from the vast platform of the temporary wooden bridge at Blackfriars. In building the new stone bridge the contractors are scarcely off with the old love before they are on with the new; and the most interesting of these operations, which we have described in previous Numbers, are now being supplemented by the removal of the old stone piers and foundations of the former structure, which lie under water, and can only be readily fished up by the aid of divers, who are thus sent down to fish for a new kind of precious stone. It is a wonderful sight to see the burly men step into a dress which converts them at once into strange monsters like those in a Christmas pantomime, to mark their vast bulk, and then, as they turn to go down, to note through the big glass eyes of that vast, shell-like helmet, the small human head, like the small kernel of a very imposing nut. It doesn't do to be too critical, however, for the small head can turn quite easily in its shell, and the shining beady eye can look at you out of the great goggling glass lens at the side: can look at you, but can only discern you dimly. Fortunately, the occupant of the entire crust can no more run after you than a live turtle could. It is not his business to run. He is hoisted over the side into the water, beneath which he disappears, only an air tube from his casque appearing above the surface, and there, amongst the mud

and slime upon the bottom, he walks and gropes until he finds one of the big stones to which he fixes his cramp-irons. Sometimes he comes to such inequalities of ground that the top of his mighty scone appears for a moment above the water, and you can always mark his progress by the air bubbles on the surface. Two men are slowly turning a windlass on the stage above, and so grinding down air for him to breathe; and other men follow him to know by the jerking of the rope that he holds in his hand when he has found a treasure and fixed his irons upon it. When this is the case, whirr, whirr goes the awful crane above, the iron rails of the engine tramway quiver, the whole structure shakes, and one almost hears a great gasp as the monstrous tooth is torn from the jaws of Father Thames. If it is a strange sight to see the divers go down, it is more wonderful still to see them come up, their hands looking so tiny as compared with the huge bulk of their bodies in those cumbersome cases, their great heads bowed as though they were a set of hydrocephalous giants. They bow their heads, and an awful process is gone through by their attendants. No sooner does the unwieldy caput present itself at a convenient angle, than it is seized, and every giant has his neck twisted—more than that, has his head wrung off—with as much composure as though he had suddenly been turned into a music-stool and the operator intended to screw him up for a seat at a piano. The pantomime heads come off and the real little white-skinned, rough-muzzled, human heads are left above the big carcass, with the little eyes blinking for light and the little mouths gasping for beer. There has been "water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink" for the weary hours that these stout fellows have been struggling down there amidst the remains of the old bridge; and it is not the least pleasant part of the whole business to see the hearty satisfaction with which the faces are once more obscured by upturned pewter pots, or to see the mouth opening for bread and cheese, like those of so many hungry tortoises nibbling a little way out of their shells.

### Foreign Intelligence.

#### FRANCE.

Everything is very dull in Paris, and the return of the Emperor, which, it is hoped, will infuse some life into political and social affairs, is anxiously looked for. There is a rumour that his Majesty will shortly issue a manifesto on home affairs, conceding a little more latitude to the Chambers, the object being to conciliate the members, and obtain a favourable reception for the demand for money which the reorganisation of the army will render necessary. There is also a rumour that M. Fould disapproves of the above measure, and the consequent increased expenditure, and that he will shortly resign his post of Finance Minister.

#### ITALY.

The Italian troops, under the command of General Medici, entered Verona on Tuesday, and met with an enthusiastic reception from the inhabitants, who raised cheers for the King, Italy, and the army.

The Austrian Government have agreed to an Italian proposition that the Venetian soldiers who are at present in Austria should not be removed to Venetia for the present, on account of the prevalence of cholera.

Subscriptions to the national loan have been opened in nearly all the provinces by the independent action of the inhabitants, and without any intervention on the part of the municipal authorities. The loan is quoted at 90, and in some instances even at 95. In the first four days after the opening of the subscription lists forty communes, which had to contribute 21,000,000 lire, had paid in already 20,000,000.

#### PRUSSIA.

Three new army corps are about to be formed—one to be furnished by Hanover, another by Electoral Hesse, Nassau, and Frankfurt, and the third by the Elbe duchies. The recruitment will be on the basis of the liability of all the inhabitants to military service, with certain exceptions, having for their object to respect, as far as possible, the regulations hitherto in force in those countries.

Saxony and Prussia are coming to an agreement, and we may expect very soon to hear that all matters in dispute between them have been arranged.

It seems that all preliminaries have been arranged in reference to the summoning of the German Parliament. The formal decree ordering its election will be promulgated in a few days.

Baron Scheel Plessen, the Prussian Governor of Schleswig, has prohibited the raising of subscriptions for the Danish inhabitants for the purchase of a wedding gift for Princess Dagmar.

#### AUSTRIA.

Austria and Italy are now rapidly settling affairs. General Menabrea has paid over the money stipulated for in the peace treaty, and has received the iron crown of Lombardy. He seems to have made himself thoroughly agreeable at Vienna. On Friday week he dined with the Emperor; and report assigns to him the post of Italian Ambassador at the Austrian Court.

The Emperor has addressed an autograph letter to Count Belcredi, the Minister of State, in which his Majesty expresses his most grateful recognition of the inestimable proofs of fidelity and noble self-sacrifice which have been afforded by the peoples of Austria during the late unhappy times. The Emperor instructs Count Belcredi to make known his sentiments of gratitude generally throughout the empire, and especially to the representatives of the country at their next meeting. His Majesty further states that he expects from all the members of the public administration the most zealous activity in the endeavour to heal the wounds inflicted by the war. The Emperor is going on a tour through Bohemia.

There is a semi-official announcement in a Vienna paper that as soon as the negotiations with the Hungarian Diet are completed, a Hungarian Ministry will be formed. The opening of the Hungarian Diet will, it is believed, take place on the 15th proximo. M. Pulszky, the Magyar exile, has received from the Emperor a full pardon.

#### RUSSIA.

The Russians have succeeded in suppressing the insurrection against their rule in Abasia, and also in Daghestan.

A telegram from St. Petersburg contradicts two assertions of the Vienna journals—viz., that the Russian Ministry had resigned, and that the Czar was in bad health.

Count Berg is said to have been relieved of his functions as Governor of Poland, and to have been succeeded by General Count Heyden.

#### TURKEY.

A letter signed by the Grand Vizier, and containing the official recognition of Prince Charles of Hohenzollern as Hospodar of the Danubian Principalities, has been dispatched to Bucharest. This settlement of the Turco-Roumanian difficulty is ascribed to the diplomatic exertions of the Marquis de Moustier while occupying the post of French Ambassador in Constantinople. Prince Charles has gone to Constantinople to receive investiture.

There are already 30,000 troops of the Line in Epirus and Thessaly, and further reinforcements are to be sent to those provinces from Schumla. The head-quarters of the Pacha in command are in Macedonia.

#### CANDIA.

Widely different accounts reach us in reference to the Candian insurrection. One from St. Petersburg speaks hopefully of the chances of the insurgents, and says that Greek officers with ammunition have gone to the island to assist the Candioters. The *Paris Moniteur du Soir*, on the other hand, writes that the insurrection is nearly at an end. According to a telegram received from Candia, the leaders of the insurgents have sent a deputation to Kiritli Pacha, offering to enter into negotiations for submission on certain conditions, which the Pacha had accepted. The negotiations are to take place in the presence of the Consuls of France, England, and Russia. Intelligence via Athens says that the Turks had evacuated Candia, which had fallen into the hands of the Greeks. The Greeks

had pursued the Turkish troops, 120 of whom were killed and 800 wounded. The losses sustained by the Christians were insignificant. Mustapha Pacha was organising an expedition against the insurgents on a large scale.

#### THE UNITED STATES.

By Atlantic telegraph and otherwise we have news from New York to the 10th inst.

The Radicals had carried the elections in Pennsylvania. Mr. Sumner had made a speech at Boston animadverting on the conduct of the President, and accusing him of having usurped the legislative functions.

A good deal of discussion was going on as to the trial of Mr. Jefferson Davis. If Chief Justice Chase and Judge Underwood, on whom the duty of fixing the date of trial devolves, do not do their duty, it was said that Mr. Davis's counsel would move for a writ of habeas corpus, and, in the event of that being refused, the matter would be taken up by the Bar of Richmond.

The death of Mr. John Van Buren is announced.

#### MEXICO.

According to advices from the city of Mexico to the 19th ult., the anniversary of Mexican independence has been celebrated with great magnificence. The Emperor Maximilian made a speech, in which he declared that he was still firm in the position he occupied by the people's votes, and that it was not in adverse moments that a true Hapsburg abandoned his post. It is reported that Maximilian will place himself at the head of the army. Active measures will be taken against Tampico.

#### SOUTH AMERICA.

Advices from Panama, dated the 23rd ult., state that the Chileans are determined not to make peace with Spain.

Intelligence from Brazilian sources states that a great advantage had been obtained by the allies over the Paraguayans. The Brazilian fleet had passed the obstructions in the Paraguay, captured a battery of fifteen cannon, and bombarded Curupaity. According to Paraguayan accounts the attack of the allies had failed, and the Brazilians had lost 3000 men. The Paraguayans admit having evacuated a battery, which, however, they blew up. The Brazilian ironclad Rio Janeiro is said to have been blown up by a torpedo.

#### VANCOUVER ISLAND.

At a meeting which was held at Victoria, Vancouver Island, Mr. MacClure announced that it was the intention of the Government to introduce a resolution petitioning the home Government for a responsible Government in Vancouver Island, and for a reciprocity treaty with the United States; and that, in case this failed, the Queen would be solicited to arrange for the annexation of the colony to the United States.

**FENIAN COMBUSTIBLES.**—On Saturday last a number of magistrates and town councillors assembled at the Liverpool police station to witness experiments with the Fenian combustible fluid recently seized. A portion of the fluid was poured on a quantity of loose cotton and sticks, and in about four minutes it spontaneously ignited. A bottle containing fluid was then dashed against a wall, which immediately became a mass of flame. The spectators were deeply impressed with the destructive quality of the fluid. Many persons have doubted the existence of a Fenian organisation in Liverpool; but the police cases which are coming to light will undeceive them. As an instance of the marvellous unextinguishable qualities of the liquid, we may state that a short time ago Mr. Superintendent Hewitt poured some of it on cotton, wool, and wood chips, and then placed the whole completely in water, where it remained for a week. It was then taken out and placed on the floor, and in five minutes had burst into flames.

**DISTRESS IN BOHEMIA.**—Letters from Prague state that Bohemia has suffered more from the last war than any other part of the Austrian dominions, and that that unhappy province is now enduring extreme misery and privation. The peasants, especially in the neighbourhoods of the great battle-fields, are without bread and without the means of cultivating the fields; and the Government, in place of coming to their aid with the 400,000,000 fl. which it granted after the war, has instituted special commissions for Bohemia, charged with the duty of slowly verifying, in accordance with bureaucratic traditions, the demands of the unfortunate who are dying of hunger. These commissions are not authorised to do justice in relation to the demands justified by the receipts of the enemy. They exact, also, from every one complaining other evidence, which it is almost impossible to furnish. The peasants, exasperated by these requirements, have resolved to address a petition to the King of Prussia, in the hope of receiving from his pity that which they believe they cannot obtain from the justice of their own sovereign. At the moment of the grant of 400,000,000 fl. the Government promised to undertake great public works; but up to this time nothing has been commenced, not even a single line of railway, although one was announced six months ago. The number of people destitute alike of food and shelter increases every day. Entire families, it is said, sleep upon the pavements of Prague, while discharged soldiers wander and beg through the streets.

**A PARIS MISER.**—The commissary of police of the quarter of the Place Vendôme, accompanied by a doctor, visited the apartment of Baroness X—, a few days ago, in order to certify, at the request of the inmates of the house, the death of that lady, who was seventy-five years of age. The appearance of the apartment indicated extraordinary neglect. There was scarcely any furniture; the dust of years obscured the window-panes, and the paper on the wall was spotted and rotten. The place appeared to have been uninhabited from time immemorial, and yet Baroness X— had lived there for twenty-five years, paying an annual rent of 1500fr. In the bed-room, stretched upon a truckle-bed, and partly covered with filthy rags, lay the body of the Baroness. An examination showed that death arose from weakness caused by want of food. It further appeared that she had starved herself wilfully; and, indeed, in point of avarice, the defunct Baroness would have borne away the palm from Harpagon, Gobeck, and other such heroes. Notwithstanding her considerable fortune, estimated at 50,000fr. a year, she always went clothed like a beggar, and often solicited charity in the street. She lived on crusts of bread, the refuse of cabbages and other vegetables, and such like garbage, that she picked up from dirt-heaps. Last week she fell down from weakness, while passing the door of the concierge, from want of food; but she refused to take some refreshment proposed to her, no doubt fearing that she would have to pay for it. She succeeded in gaining her apartment, and was not afterwards seen alive.

**THE REVOLUTION IN CRETE.**—Since the conquest of Crete by the Turks in 1669 there has been no real amalgamation of the Turkish and Greek races, and by degrees the latter has obtained the possession of more than three-fourths of the landed property in the island, and has in every branch of industry and culture completely eclipsed its conquerors. The latter, with their usual want of foresight, have constructed neither roads nor fortresses, which in the narrow and mountainous region would have given them the command of the whole country; insurrections have consequently been very frequent, and in some of the mountainous districts, especially that of sphakia, the Greeks live in a state of quasi-independence, with not a single Turk among them. In the whole island, which has a population of 280,000, the proportion of Greeks to Turks is about four to one. The numerous insurrections of the Cretans have almost always been caused by their desire to be annexed to Greece, and the complaints, which they invariably put forward on such occasions, of unequal taxation, abuses on the part of the authorities, &c., are usually little more than pretexts. The Turks know very well that they only exist in the island on sufferance, and they accordingly treat the Christians there with far more consideration than in other parts of the empire. As for the present insurrection, it differs but little from previous Cretan insurrections. There was always, as now, a strong sympathy between the Greeks of Crete and those of the Morea, to whom the Cretans rendered valuable assistance in the war of independence; and the degenerate Greeks of Roumelia have as little to do with the present movement as with all former national risings. The Cretan insurrection is a perpetually recurring symptom of an obstinate disorder, which can only be cured by the union of Crete with the Greek kingdom. It is not from the Greeks, therefore, that we need fear a reopening of the Eastern question. There is, nevertheless, very serious danger of such an event happening as a consequence of the present outbreak, although the Cretans themselves may have no such object in view. It is certain that the extraordinary events which occurred in Central Europe last summer have produced an immense effect on the Slavonian populations of Turkey; the feeling of nationality has been strongly stimulated by the defeat of Austria and the liberation of Venetia, and there have been Italian and Hungarian revolutionary agencies at work in the country which have fully prepared all the elements of an extensive national movement. The success of the Cretan revolution would doubtless precipitate the outbreak which seems to be inevitable, and which in any case will, there is good reason to believe, occur next spring. In this outbreak the semi-independent principalities of Servia, Montenegro, and Roumania will doubtless join, and there is every probability that it will result in the disruption of the Turkish empire. That such an event must happen sooner or later is pretty generally admitted; but then comes the question, who is to govern the country in the place of the Turks? This question has as yet received but little serious consideration, and yet it is one on whose solution the most important interests of Europe will depend, and which in a few months it will perhaps become necessary to decide.—*The Fortnightly Review*.



## TO AUSTRALASIA VIA PANAMA.

A PASSENGER by the first mail-steamer on this route has sent to an Australian paper a narrative of the journey. He writes:—

I have come in the pioneer ship of the new line, the *Rakala*, which has carried the first mails. My ticket was No. 1. We left Southampton on Saturday, June 2, in the *Attrato*, a magnificent steam-frigate of 1967 tons register, 3126 tons burden. We anchored early on the 16th in the spacious harbour of St. Thomas's, having made the run of 3630 miles (actual distance) in thirteen days and fourteen hours. The engines made more than fourteen revolutions per minute, each turn of the wheels propelling the ship nearly 24 yards. Twenty hours were run at half speed, and we had a strong head wind. At St. Thomas's four ships awaited our arrival, and in the course of the day proceeded on their way to their various destinations, my own lot being on board the *Tamar*. We had about thirty passengers and 30 tons of cargo, contained in 700 packages, all of which had to be transhipped in the course of the day and under a blazing sun. No sooner was the work effected than we began our life on board the *Tamar*, which, favoured by a strong trade wind, made the run to Colon—1060 miles—in four days fifteen hours, and the captain informed me it could have been done in twenty-two hours less, had there been any object to gain, but it was useless to make speed, because the ships at Panama going north, south, and west would not be ready to receive their passengers till the 24th. Disembarked at Colon, or Aspinwall, as the Americans term it, we mounted the cars on the 22nd, and plunge into the wild and exquisitely beautiful scenery of the isthmus. We cross the immense chain of the Cordilleras at a depression, so that we have not to ascend more than 254 ft. above Pacific high-water mark. The total length of the railway is 47 miles; the fare is included in your ticket from England to the antipodes. For the most part the rail is carried through alluvial plains or savannas—by the edge of morasses—along the bank of the Chagrus and Obispo rivers, through dense forests of exceeding richness and beauty of foliage and flowers. The overwhelming fertility of the soil is indicated by a reeking mass of vegetation which covers the whole face of the country, and would speedily choke up the railway itself but that it is kept in check by gangs of men whose work it is to conflict with this prodigious growth. Arrived at Panama, the most picturesque and imposing town along the west coast, stately, but comfortless, we found the *Rakala*, in which the voyage across the Pacific was to be made, waiting for us. She had made the run from Milford Haven, 11,315 miles, in forty-six days and eleven hours, with two stoppages for coal, involving a detention of seven days and a half, and a delay of three days in the Strait of Magellan, owing to heavy weather. She left Panama on the 24th for the longest run on any mail route in the world. When the *Rakala* left Panama her weight, including engines, coal, and cargo, was 3200 tons, and it must be regarded as a triumph of mechanical skill and science that the application of 24 cwt. of coal should drive this mass through the water at the rate of a mile in six minutes, and that this should be repeated for twenty-seven or twenty-eight days in continuity until the whole breadth of the Pacific, 6540 miles, has been passed over. The *Rakala* is a very comfortable ship, with all sorts of convenience for passengers, and her ventilation is good; but it seems to me that it is a serious defect for any ocean-going steamer, intended for long passages, not to be fitted, by means of tanks or an inner skin like the *Great Eastern*, to take in water ballast, and thus to preserve the trim and gravity of the vessel. In consequence of the want of such loading the *Rakala* has tumbled about and rolled greatly during the last 2000 miles, affecting not only her company, but also her working. We left Taboga, an island about twelve miles from Panama, where ships anchor and take in coals because the bay near the shore is shallow, at two p.m. on Sunday, June 24. Our course lay south, in order to clear Cape Mata, a low point eighty miles distant, and forming the western arm of the gulf; thence to the Galapagos, sighting and leaving them on the starboard hand. From the Galapagos the captain, who has had long experience in command of steam-ships, and is evidently a master of his craft in its higher departments and scientific knowledge, took a great circle course that would carry us by Pitcairn Island to a certain point on the New Zealand coast, whence he could at any time diverge to Cape Palliser. From the Galapagos we had the Humboldt or equatorial current in our favour, and the trade winds blew softly. We accomplished half our distance in twelve days and a half. During this period the weather was deliciously mild and enjoyable. We were in the tropics. The thermometer generally stood about 80 deg., but the atmosphere was so pure and invigorating that it was a luxury to inhale its freshness; and at night the vault of heaven seemed to have enlarged and the stars to have become more lustrous, owing to the absence of moisture and the diaphanity of the atmosphere. On Sunday evening, July 8, we passed Pitcairn; but, as it was dark and a heavy swell running, we durst not near the shore. The island is inhabited, but, being out of the usual course of ships, communication is infrequent, and a heavy swell renders landing difficult. No sooner had we passed the island than we found we had left the tropics and pleasant weather, and fallen at once into wintry storms and cold. The sea raged, the winds were fierce, and the ship, lightened of her coal, began to roll heavily. After two gales of great severity had blown themselves out, we began to fear that our hopes of a rapid passage would be disappointed; then favouring winds sprang up, and the engines, refreshed by cold water, propelled the ship with greater velocity, and we recovered time lost; but it was then found that the rate given by the log and the work done by the propeller gave a much less result by observation than was expected, proving a strong current towards the east. A third gale, of greater force and endurance, dashed our hopes, and for several days the powers of the ship were heavily taxed. At about 800 miles from Cape Palliser a patch of green water, with much weed, was passed; and on Saturday, the 21st, the weather cleared, and a fine wind speeded us to our desired haven. We sighted Palliser. The total distance run has been 6523 miles. The engine made 1,519,502 revolutions, and 861 tons of coal were consumed. The thermometer between Panama and Pitcairn ranged from 90 deg. to 75 deg.; between Pitcairn and Palliser from 69 deg. to 49 deg. On the 22nd of July we arrived at Wellington, New Zealand. The new route is of great value to New Zealand. The great difficulty is the very wide stretch of ocean without any place for coaling, &c., so that the ship has to leave either end very heavily freighted, and in case of accident may be in distress or continuous bad weather; may be near her terminus, and yet be short of fuel to take her home. The voyage of the *Rakala*, an experimental trip, absolutely the first over an untried way, without any collected knowledge of winds and currents, has been made within a few hours of the computed time, and must therefore be regarded as a success most satisfactory to her captain and officers, and encouraging to the company and the New Zealand public. I have no interest whatever in the company. I was but a passenger. I have been sailing half round the world in the wake of the setting sun, and have come at last to his rising. I find I have lost a day, dropped out of our log.

**CONFINING PAUPERS IN A DEAD-HOUSE.**—At a meeting of the Gateshead Board of Guardians, held on Tuesday, a letter was read from the Poor-Law Board in reference to a paragraph which had appeared in the newspapers alleging that refractory paupers had been confined in the dead-house along with corpses. It appeared no pauper had ever been so confined with a corpse in the dead-house; but for nine years disorderly paupers had been incarcerated in that building for a few hours, and the woman whose case had been alluded to had been confined there for an hour, she having attempted to stab another pauper with a knife. The guardians denied all knowledge of the proceedings, and an explanation to that effect was ordered to be made to the Poor-Law Board.

**FIRE AT THE KING'S PALACE, BRUSSELS.**—The King's palace at Brussels has narrowly escaped being burnt to the ground. A fire which had been smouldering for several hours during the night was perceived on Saturday morning last, about seven, when it had burned away the flooring of one of the rooms and destroyed several valuable pictures, amongst them one representing the Saviour by Rubens; and various objects of art brought by the present King from Egypt. The firemen, being called in, were soon able to extinguish the flames. The loss is estimated at not less than 400,000fr. The disaster is attributed to the carelessness of a workman who had the evening before lit a fire in an adjoining room and in going away omitted to see that it was extinguished.

**SLAUGHTER-HOUSES AND COW-HOUSES IN THE METROPOLIS.**—On Tuesday, at a special session of the Strand Union, before Mr. Antrobus and Mr. Sambrooke, the magistrates, several applications were made for renewed licenses for slaughter-houses in the district. The chairman (Mr. Antrobus), in granting the applications, told the parties that they had better look out for another mode of carrying on their occupations. They had frequently been told the same thing before, but he (the chairman) fully believed that it was the intention of the Legislature to remove all slaughter-houses from the metropolis, and it was expected that a measure would be brought forward in the next Session of Parliament. The licenses were renewed. An application was also made to the magistrates by a cowkeeper in St. Clement Dunes, for a license to keep about fifty cows. He had kept as many as ninety in the place, near Drury-lane. The Bench refused to grant a license.

**THE TRADE OUTRAGE AT SHEFFIELD.**—An offer of £500 for information respecting the perpetrators of the late diabolical trade outrage in New Herford-street, Sheffield, has failed to bring the guilty parties to justice. It has now been determined to increase the reward to £1100, and this large reward ought to have the effect desired. £1000 is offered on the part of the town and £100 by Government; and the Secretary of State will advise her Majesty to grant a free pardon to any accomplice, not being the actual perpetrator of the deed, who will give satisfactory information to the police. The diabolical outrage continues to cause the greatest excitement in the town; and this excitement has been increased by two letters of a very threatening character having been received by two masters. One of the employers to whom one of the letters was sent has lately introduced some file-grinding machines; and as the men refuse to do the work which the machines cannot do unless their wages are increased, they, a week or two ago, left in a body, and there can be no doubt that the letter has come from one of them. The other letter refers to an engine-tender who seems to have given some offence to his fellows.

## EXTRAORDINARY SYSTEM OF BURYING PAUPERS.

A STATE of things, which is not only disgraceful to the parties concerned, but constitutes a danger to the public health, was brought to light at a meeting of the board of guardians of Bethnal-green, recently held.

A Mrs. Cochrane, a poor woman residing at No. 4, Well-street, Hackney, came before the board and stated that she attended to prefer a complaint against Mr. Bellamy, of 4, Margaret-street, Haggerstone, the undertaker, who was funeral contractor for the parish of Bethnal-green. She stated that, on the 25th of July, two of her children were buried by Mr. Bellamy, under an order which she had obtained from the parish officer, in the Great Northern Cemetery at Colney Hatch. She herself, her husband, and four relatives accompanied the bodies to the cemetery in a Shillibeer hearse. Underneath the Shillibeer on which they rode there were in all seven bodies, two more were under the seat on which the driver sat, and another couple followed in a cart. The bodies were all those of persons who had died from cholera, except in one case where death had resulted from fever. Matter oozed from one of the coffins. The stench was fearful; it so affected her that she was taken ill, and had continued so ill ever since that she was unable to come before the board to prefer her complaint. When the bodies arrived at the cemetery no funeral service of any kind was performed over them; they were buried, or, rather, put on the ground, and covered over. She stated positively that they were actually "buried" above the level of the ground.

By the direction of the board Mr. Bellamy, the contractor, attended to hear the statement of the woman Cochrane. He admitted the number of bodies in the Shillibeer to be what the complainant stated. Being asked to state what was really in the hearse he said that there were "three grown," two children, and two stillborns underneath, and "two grown" under the driver's box. The cholera was about then, and it "was very close quarters." He took twenty-two bodies to the cemetery that day.

In answer to questions put by Mr. Goodwin, the chairman, Mr. Bellamy stated that the Shillibeer in which the mourners sat was only ventilated by the door at the back. He admitted that one of the coffins did "ooze" a little, but it was in the cart not in the Shillibeer. It was sometimes impossible to prevent that, but he did his utmost. The statement of the woman that no funeral service was read over the bodies was confirmed by Mr. Bellamy, but he said that did not often happen. It had not happened since, and it only occurred once before, to his knowledge. The reason was that the chaplain was not there. There was a clerk who officiated at times, but sometimes he refused, and on the day to which Mrs. Cochrane referred, he said he would not do it for him (Mr. Bellamy) or anyone else.

The guardians animadverted strongly upon the facts disclosed, and severely censured the contractor. They informed him that if any further complaints of a similar character were preferred against him they would direct some other undertaker to conduct the paupers' funerals, and charge him with the cost.

The board directed that a letter should be forthwith sent to the directors of the Great Northern Cemetery, expressing the opinion of the guardians that the mode of burial, as represented to them, was most improper and disgusting, and requesting an explanation of the fact that no funeral services had been performed over deceased persons before interment.

**THE LIBERATION OF VENICE.**—Great preparations are being made at Venice to celebrate the entry of the King of Italy into that city. The Bucentaure, the historic galley upon which the Doges of Venice married the Adriatic, has been reconstructed and magnificently ornamented. The King will be conducted to the Ducal Palace along the Grand Canal, traversing Venice in its greatest length. Among the patriotic manifestations that will take place is one that is calculated to produce the most profound sensation. One of the most beautiful women of Venice, entirely clothed in mourning and covered with chains, will be presented to his Majesty at the moment of his coming in sight of the city; but, in place of the keys of the city, the Podesta will offer to the King a symbolic axe, destined to strike off the chains of slavery. At the same instant the shackles of the captive and her mournful vestments will disappear at the sound of salvos of artillery and of popular acclamations. Venice personified, transformed into a goddess of liberty, will then present to the King the traditional cushion, upon which will be found a golden key.

## THE TRANSFER OF THE QUADRILATERAL.

PESCHIERA.

ON the evening of the 8th inst. the Austrian and French Commissioners drove from Verona to Peschiera to commence the delivery of the fortresses from Austrian to Italian hands. Peschiera, though a small fortress compared with Venice or Verona, has been more cared for of late years than either of them, and its fort of Monte Croce, built in 1863-4, is a model of military architecture, being constructed with especial view to the powers of modern ordnance. Originally a small, steep hill, it has been scarped and burrowed into, casemated and otherwise protected, till the once solid earth has become a military hive. Its ditches are deep and narrow, escarpments hidden behind higher counterscarps, flank defence given from casemates in these counterscarps, and in the body of the work tiers of guns rising one above another protected by masonry arches, but always piled over with masses of earth, so that from outside no stone or brick is visible to fire at; the men's barracks, as usual, in the gorge, loop-holed, and behind each end of them a flank, casemated for guns. At the top of the fort only are the cannon open to the air, and there the usual strong traverses are brought into use. Peschiera has wet ditches, the stream of the Mincio pouring swift and clear between her elaborate defences. Outside the enceinte are fourteen forts, disposed in an inner and an outer line; and nowhere could an enemy penetrate without being exposed to the perpetual fire of some thirty-five to forty heavy guns and mortars. Such was, at least, the case a few days ago; but now all is changed. The rifled guns have been sent, some to Vienna, some to Riva, and the rest lie confusedly in the arsenal awaiting their turn; the stores sold to the Italians were either smoothbores (obsolete, but cheap) or such necessities as wood, beds, and the numerous requisites of a garrison—not the less needed because they are unpretending and usually passed over by all but professional men.

The town itself is very small, and the inhabitants consist principally of workmen employed in the Government establishments. During the preparations for the expected siege, when so much spade labour was required, there was never any difficulty in obtaining it without resorting to any pressure except that mental one caused by offering an increase in wages, and the men worked until the Italian artillery was too dangerously near. Being too few to think of turning out their military guests, the people of Peschiera have been friendly to them, and in return their placards are allowed to adorn their walls in peace, no torn corners nor bayonet scratches being visible on any of them, as was the case at Verona after the unfortunate riot.

Nor have more positive demonstrations of Austrian goodwill been wanting. On the night of the 8th the band of a battalion of Grenzers—the last of the kind likely to be heard in Peschiera—played first under the Commandant's house, then surrounded by men carrying lanterns on poles and flaming torches, serenaded the municipality, marched under the windows of the Commissioners, where they played one air; next round the town, always playing as they went, and, finally, concluded with a small concert before the officers' café.

But these amenities soon ceased; three or four trains a day carried forth detachments of the Austrian garrison, and on the morning of the 9th, at nine o'clock, the same band which complimented the generals and civil authorities the preceding night accompanied a battalion of Grenzers to the railway station, and dismissed them to their far-away homes with a cheery strain.

On the morning of the 9th, the day on which the transfer of Peschiera took place, there was an air of expectation on every face; carriage loads of strangers were set down outside the inn of Peschiera; sudden eruptions of coloured placards occurred on the walls, and tricoloured pieces of silk blossomed from button-holes.

At eleven a.m. the band of the town marched through the streets, followed by about fifty civilians, keeping step to the music, and all wearing that air of supreme contentment which assures the looker-on that no Italian can admit he is committing a theatrical piece of folly. Immediately afterwards the tricoloured flag was hoisted in several places at once; but the city authorities checked the demonstration, and the banners drew their heads within the windows again.

At five minutes to one the French Commissioner, General Lebœuf, and his Aide-de-Camp left the inn where he was lodging and proceeded to the Commandant's house, where General Möring, the Austrian Commissioner, was awaiting them. At the same time there arrived at the porch three men in black clothes, well filled out by the results of much polenta, with hair elaborately brushed and oiled; hands carefully concealed in gloves; faces rather pale, but expressive of much determination; bodies round in front, round over the shoulders—patterns of civic dignity. These were the Mayor and two members of the municipality, the future masters of the fortress. General Möring, with the Commandant, were up stairs; so Colonel Hopfinger conducted the three conquerors to their presence. An Italian officer, chief of the Military Commission for arranging prices and payments, was also present, and acted as interpreter for the Mayor and his friends. It was a group for a painter. The tall and massive Austrian General, grave, and showing lines about his mouth that were not there six weeks ago, stood with a paper in his hand, that wrinkled under the grasp of his nervous fingers; the French Commissioner, pleasant in manner, and without sympathy for either Austrians or Italians, yet not quite easy in the part he was playing; the three representatives of the people's rights—determined, no doubt, but horribly uncomfortable—stood face to face, about to pass a fortress from hand to hand, like a freehold plot, and exchange rights over batteries as if they were potato gardens, while the younger officers circulated through the room, watching lest any mistake should occur.

All being ready, General Möring advanced and said a few words to General Lebœuf, simply stating the reason of his presence there—viz., to transfer the fortress of Peschiera to the Emperor of the French. The French General signified his acceptance in the name of his Sovereign, and General Möring then read the *procès verbal*, after which he added his sincere wishes for the success of Peschiera in its new condition. General Lebœuf, on his part, read his acceptance on the part of the French Emperor. As far as Austria was concerned the ceremony was now concluded, and the Commissioner retired to the window, leaving General Lebœuf to complete his task. Not a moment was lost, nor was any display made of French power or possession, but, turning instantly to the three representatives of the town, General Lebœuf declared through the interpreting Italian officer that he was charged by the Emperor to place Peschiera in the hands of its own authorities, with the full understanding between the three Governments that the city was at liberty to call in part of the Italian army, which he understood to be already on the march towards the fortress. He added, however, the request that no display should be made of the Italian flag until the Austrian troops had marched out. To this condition the Mayor immediately agreed, but expressed a hope that the town band, already in attendance, should be permitted to play through the streets. After one moment's hesitation, General Lebœuf turned to General Möring and the Commandant with a questioning glance, and as the latter expressed their assent by an inclination of the head, the matter was settled, the second *procès verbal* duly read, the signatures affixed, and Peschiera became that strange anomaly—a free fortress. The band outside at once asserted its rights (not for the first time in the day, it will be remembered), and General Lebœuf's appearance at the window was saluted by the crowd by a volley of cheers. On returning from the Commandant's house, the crowd passed parties of troops marching rapidly to the railway station; but there was no angry word exchanged; no sign of a collision.

Shortly after six p.m. the Austrian and French Commissioners drove off for Verona, and the troops having already marched to the railway station (except a company of artillery and one of engineers retained to hand over stores, &c.), the town broke out into a conflagration of banners, the café began to be festooned with red, white, and green, and the officers, wishing to avoid all chance of insult, retired to sup at the railway station, where the last battalion of Grenzers were waiting to be conveyed to the frontiers. The Italian troops destined to occupy Peschiera had come by train to Castelnuovo, and were already on their way by road thence to the fortress. The railways over the great plain formed by the débris washed from the Alps are invariably considerably elevated above the surrounding country so as to enable them to pass over the rivers, which themselves are raised above the plain, and hence all roads pass under the railways. So when the Italian military music was heard, and the distant light of the torches crept nearer and nearer, the Austrian officers assembled on the line stood wrapped in their cloaks, dark against the last faint twilight in the sky, to see the army with which they had fought file beneath them. Above were the representatives of the old rule, dark, cold, and speaking under their breath; below, the soldiers and citizens of the new kingdom straggled along, almost dancing, and when they caught sight of the grey statue-like forms above their heads a cry arose of "Viva l'Italia!" Before entering the town the municipality and the citizens, with their band, had taken possession of the front place in the procession, and thus the triumphal march was ordered:—first of all the people, then the band of the people, then the people's magistrates, mixed with the branch commission, then soldiers and citizens together, to the end of the column. Garibaldi and Italia were the hero and heroine of the night, and the soldiers' shout of "Viva Vittoria Emanuele!" was feebly heard among the more popular cries. The crowd was orderly enough, and the whole assembly marched round the town among illuminated houses, rockets hissing on all sides. The spectacle was new to the quiet dwellers in Peschiera, and it was long before the flash of a rocket was unable to attract the attention of the people from Italia and Garibaldi. There were red and blue lights burning from the balcony of the inn, and though many continued their march round the town, the greater portion broke off to see the fireworks. As the band came round the second time it had but a meagre following, the soldiers having retired to barracks. Once more it passed, but with almost no one following but women and children. By eleven p.m. the effervescence had considerably subsided, and soon after all was quiet. No time has been lost in carrying out the provisions of the treaty, even before its ratification. The one Tyrol railway has groaned under the weight of heavy guns and stores for many days past, and the Lago di Garda has been covered with gun-boats moving backwards and forwards conveying military munitions to Riva. That Austria has no future designs upon the commerce of the lake is evident, for all the gun-boats are sold to Italy, who will therefore have full command of the water.

MANTUA.

At 6.45 on the morning of the 11th a train left Verona for Mantua, conveying many Italians who wished to see the first large fortress freed from the eagle's gripe. Among the passengers was an Italian officer who, wounded at Custozza, had since languished in an Austrian hospital. His wife, or sister, or *Herzliebste*—what does it matter?—was with him, and oh! with what infinite solicitude he was tended. Some National Guards, almost feminine in their gentleness and wearing a soft expression of pity, helped him into the carriage as he limped painfully along. He left a brother in the Maison Dieu, still unable to move—sad tax that Italy has paid for her release. The bondage of Austria was typified at Peschiera during the rejoicings by coloured lamps hung round with festoons of paper chains; and after the entry of the Italian troops, a favourite amusement of the people was first to break the loops in their centre and afterwards to snatch away a link or two and tread them under foot.

At 8.30 a.m. the Austrian and French Commissioners met the municipal authorities of Mantua, and enacted the same ceremony as occurred at Peschiera, only in the Mantua *procès-verbal* a clause is inserted reserving the Emperor's rights to a palace which was bequeathed to the Imperial house of Austria by the will of the



famous Prince Eugène, and which is therefore private property.

The strength and the weakness of Mantua consist in its situation on the River Mincio: the strength, because, by an arrangement of dams and sluices, the whole town can be surrounded by deep and wide inundations; and the weakness, because of the deadly fever that lurks in the marshy ground and rises with the evening mists to rack the frames of the men, casting them alternately into burning heat and shivering ague. The annual proportion of attacks is no less than 25 per cent, and in some years as many as 800 soldiers are laid in the cemeteries or sent trembling back to Vienna. Our friend the corporal had already been fishing, and described with delight the number and size of the spoil he had taken; but the officer gave him a solemn warning not to let his enthusiasm for the sport lead him to wander by the water in the twilight, at least without being carefully shielded from the night fog by warm clothing. Before we returned the sun sank, gloriously red, behind a low spit of purple land sprinkled here and there with trees, and dyed the waters with Egyptian splendour; but it was the signal for the production of wrappers and cigars, without which the cool breath of evening would bring with it a message of pestilence. Even as it was, we were conscious of a dank churchyard smell, that told its own evil tale. The officer said that he had never suffered, because he took precautions, eating always digestible food, "such as *ros bif*, for instance," and drinking no drop of water. Flowing from the south-east angle of the Lago di Garde, the Mincio waters Peschiera, flashing clear and rapid through the numerous fosses, and runs swiftly almost due south, through a plain known by the fame of many battles, till it arrives near the road from Cremona, where it turns eastwards, broadening to the dimensions of a lake about four miles long; then bends southwards for less than two miles before it contracts into its narrow channel again, and glances off south-east till, a few miles further on, it joins the Po near Governolo. The first lake is called the Lago Superiore; the second, divided from it by a causeway called the Argine Mulina, pierced with sluices for many water-mills, is called, as long as it lies beside the city, the Lago di Mezzo, beyond that, the Lago Inferiore. The fortress of Mantua is seated in the angle. In ordinary weather there is a drop of about 18 ft. from the upper to the middle lake, the latter being of the same height as the Lago Inferiore; but when the Po is swollen with the tributaries of the hills, and the waters of the Adriatic are heaped up by the sirocco, the stream of the Mincio is checked in its course and the lower lakes reach the level of the upper, even occasionally lifting their heads above it. To the north of the town, across the Argine Mulina, is the citadel, a strong permanent work, commanding the road from Verona; to the south of it, beyond the bastions and broad water ditches, a large intrenched camp. Sweeping round the whole base of the triangle are marshy fields, far below the level of the upper lake, and hence easily laid deep under water, as they are at present. The flood has covered them since the spring, and where formerly cattle cropped the rank herbage tall water weeds now stretch their long stems to the surface from the depths below.

Thus, then, there is the Lago Superiore, fed by the river, a reservoir for the whole. To the east of it falls, through the mill sluices, the water for the lower lakes, which cover all this side of the town and camp. To the south of it the marshes, inundated now, stretch round, embracing west and south, and tumbling down into the Lago Inferiore at last. At the head of the inundation is a causeway, with two water-gates, guarded by Fort Pradella, a single front of fortification across it, and pushed forwards upon the dry land the Belfiore redoubt. To the south of this again, always on dry land, are two small earthworks. All these protect the Cremona road. At the foot of the inundations is another causeway, through the gates of which the marshes can be drained of their overlying water, and along this bank, guarded by Forto di Pietole, runs, when the waters are out, the only highway to Modena and Rome. The road to Legnago is carried over the Ponte St. Giorgio, defended at the head by the lunette of the same name, and an inner line of works encircles the town; besides a row of bastions, with wet ditches to the south, dividing it from the intrenched camp, which has its own line of works still inside the inundated marshes. Then there are certain earthen batteries to support



JOHN BRIGHT, ESQ., M.P.

the various bridge-heads, some of them seated in the middle of the inundation; and one more dam, unnoticed above, because no waters are held back by it, the Lago di Mezzo flowing smoothly into the Lago Inferiore through a huge gap in the middle.

#### JOHN BRIGHT.

WE have more than once illustrated our pages with portraits of the hon. member for Birmingham, whose biography must now be familiar as household words in the mouths of his countrymen. But as we can never be too familiar either with the features or the career of such a man, we make no apology for once again placing a portrait and memoir of John Bright before our readers. At the same time, Mr. Bright's speeches are his best biography; and hence we have printed, at full length, his latest public deliverance. Mr. Bright is the son of Jacob Bright, Esq., of Greenbank, near Rochdale, and was born in 1811. He is a partner in the firm of John Bright and Brothers, cotton-spinners and manufacturers, of Rochdale. Though he had taken part in the reform agitation of 1831-2, Mr. Bright first distinguished himself in political life when, in 1839, he became one of the earliest members of the Anti-Corn-Law League, which sprung out of an association formed in 1838 to obtain the repeal of the corn laws. In April, 1843, he unsuccessfully contested the representation of the city of Durham, for which, however, he was returned in July following; and he continued to sit for Durham until 1847, when he was first returned for Manchester. He made his maiden speech in Parliament on the motion of Mr. Ewart for extending the principles of free trade, Aug. 7, 1843. During

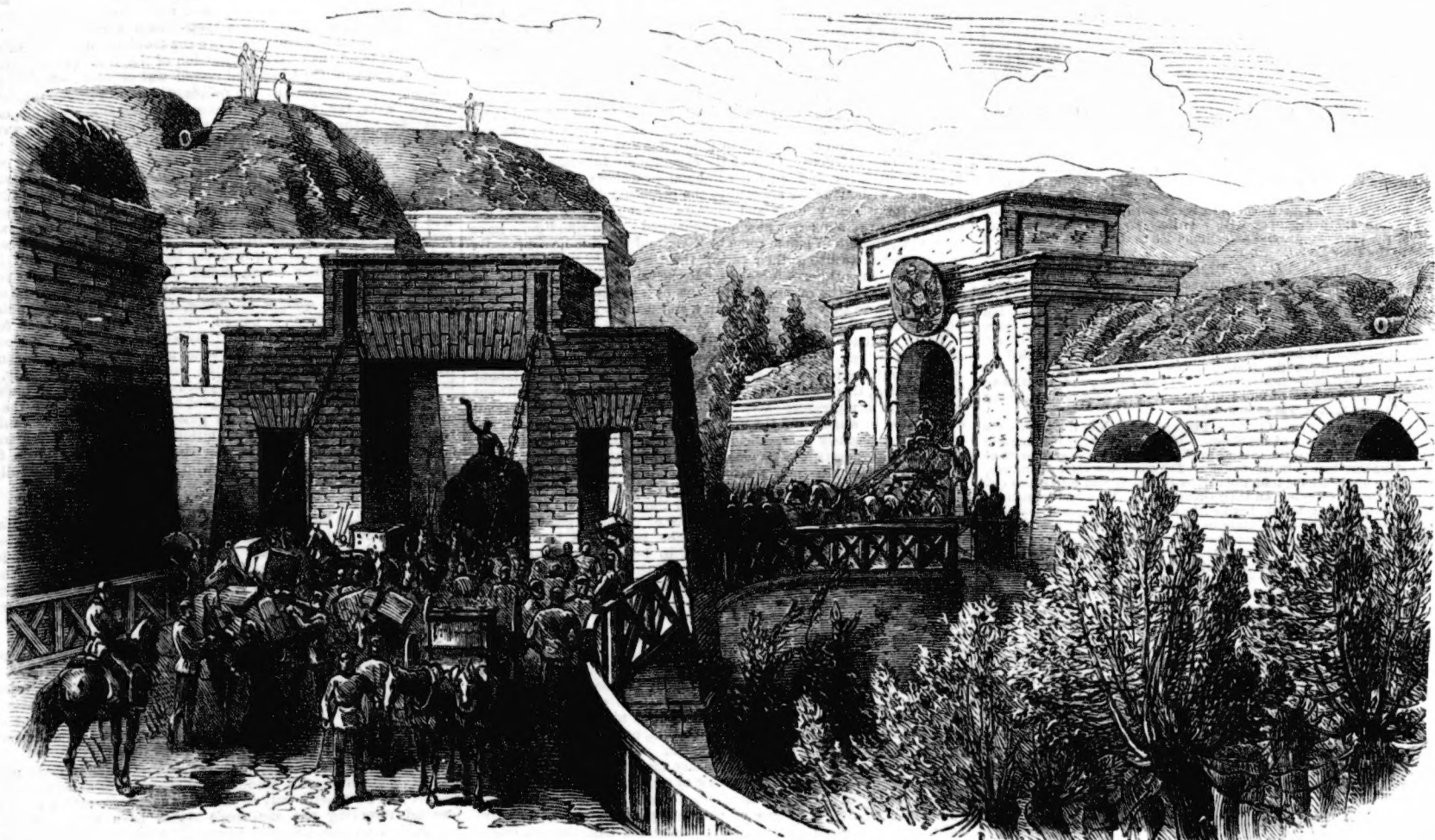
the interval between his election for Manchester and the accession of the first Derby Ministry to power, Mr. Bright's activity in Parliament and on the platform was varied and continuous. In the House of Commons he proposed to apply the remedy of free trade in land to the state of things which produced the Irish famine. He appealed, unsuccessfully, for the despatch of a Royal commission to investigate the condition of India; and in 1849 he was appointed one of the members of the once celebrated Select Committee of the House of Commons on official salaries. At Westminster, and still more in the provinces, especially at Manchester, he co-operated with Mr. Cobden in the movement which the latter sought to create in favour of financial reform, mainly with a view to the reduction of our naval and military establishments. In 1851 he added his vote to those of the famous Parliamentary coalition which attempted to censure Lord Palmerston in the Pacifico affair; and in 1852 he took a prominent part in the welcome given to Kossuth by the advanced Liberals of Lancashire. On the formation of the first Derby Ministry Mr. Bright aided in that temporary reorganisation of the Anti-Corn-Law League which the acceptance of free trade by the new Government afterwards rendered unnecessary. He was re-elected for Manchester, after a contest, at the next general election. With the accession of Lord Aberdeen's Ministry to power began the discussion of the Eastern question, his share in which alienated from Mr. Bright many of his former supporters. Mr. Bright denounced the policy of the Russian War with energy; but his protests against it were stopped by an attack of severe illness; and, just as the war had been brought to a close, Mr. Bright was compelled to forego all public action. He withdrew eventually to the Continent, and the news of the defeat of Lord Palmerston on the Canton question reached him while in Italy, in March, 1857. Although he had, of course, taken no personal part in the debate or division which produced Lord Palmerston's appeal to the country, yet he avowed his entire approval of the vote of censure which had been proposed by Mr. Cobden and seconded by Mr. Milner Gibson. While offering himself for re-election at Manchester, he was forbidden by his medical attendants to appear on the hustings; and Manchester rejected both Mr. Bright and Mr. Gibson by large majorities. A few months afterwards the death of Mr. Muntz caused a vacancy in the representation of Birmingham. The constituency invited Mr. Bright to become a candidate, and he was elected in the August of 1857. Mr. Bright, as everyone knows, has sat uninterruptedly for Birmingham since, no opposition to his return having ever been attempted. He is

now the acknowledged leader of the more advanced school of reformers, and is certainly the most talked-of, and perhaps the best-abused, man in her Majesty's dominions.

#### WORKS AT THE PARIS EXHIBITION BUILDING.

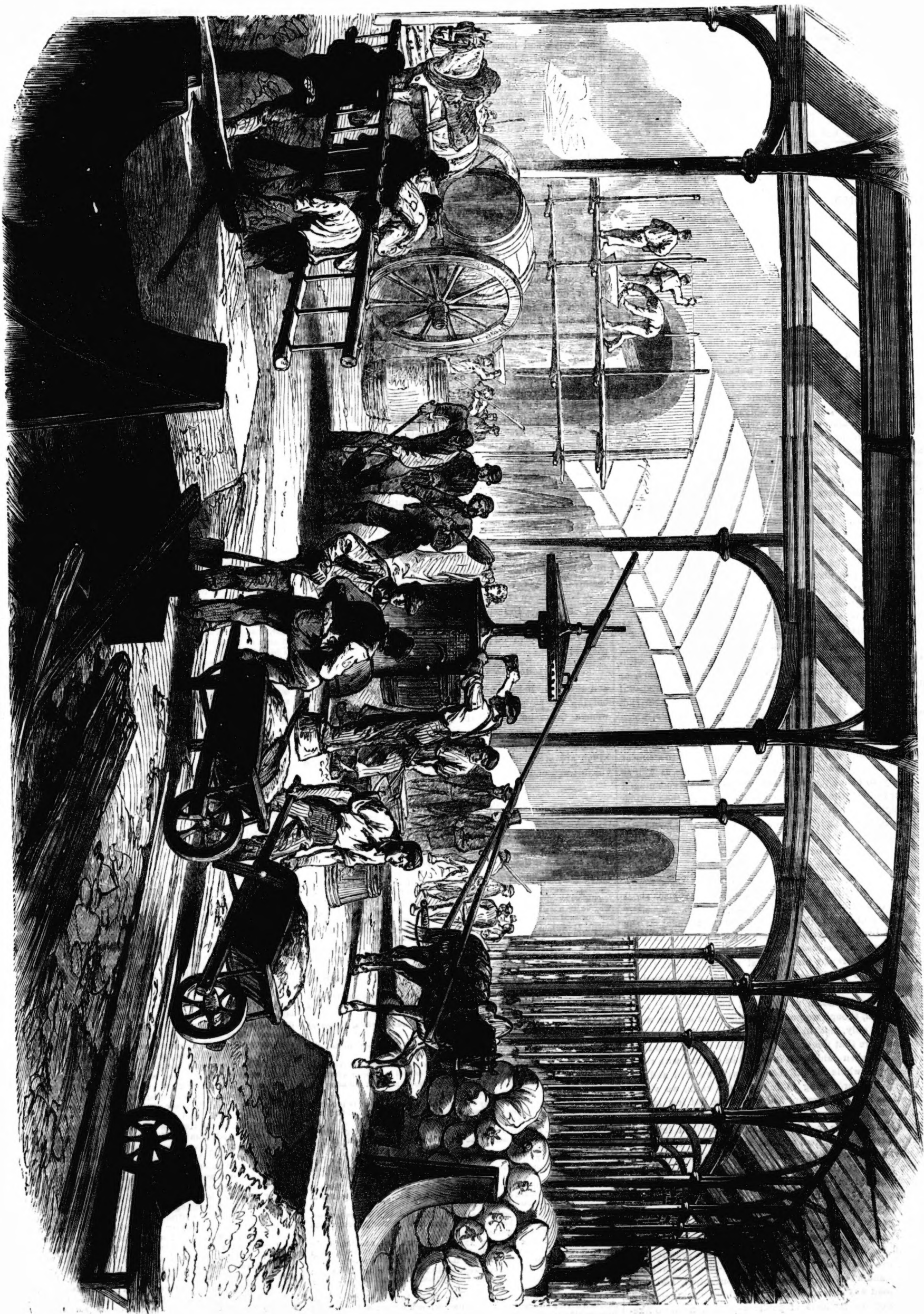
WE have already given full particulars of the plan and progress of the building for the Great International Exhibition in Paris next year. Our Engraving this week represents the works of the contractor, Mr. Scott, of Rouen, to whom the task of completing the building has been confided by the Imperial Commissioners. The plant necessary for this work—the varied and ingenious engines, machines, and implements—constitutes a not uninteresting exhibition in itself; and betokens at once the large capital, the wide experience, and the fertility of resource which have been brought to bear on the task.

The Exhibition palace will soon be completely closed and covered in. The joiners are preparing to take possession to put up the fittings for the exhibitors. The covered gallery which runs round the central garden is now being decorated. Similar activity presides over the works of the park. The bed of the river is dug throughout its whole length. Starting from the south-west extremity of the Champ de Mars, after numerous windings, it will reach the Seine above the Pont d'Iéna. The bridge which crosses it to form the Quai d'Orsay is open to circulation. The lamp-posts in the walks are being fixed, and in the park Belgium prepares a building to contain the works of her modern painters.



THE AUSTRIANS EVACUATING MANTUA.





WORKS AT THE GREAT EXHIBITION BUILDING, PARIS.



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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1866.

## MORE DULL-SEASON TOPICS.

**FEMALE DRESS**, and the extravagance thereof, has of late years become one of the stock topics of the journalistic dull season. More than one leading article has already been aimed this year at the voluminous and trailing skirts of the ladies; but, so far as we have been able to observe, with marvellously slight effect. Female skirts are still as voluminous, as trailing, and as filth-collecting as they have been any time during the last twelve months. And it is quite natural that this should be so, considering the folly that reigns among the masculine portion of the community. The Jupiters of the press—grave and gay, sage and satirical—may thunder or snarl, as their humours jump, against the extravagances of fashion till they are tired: they will be unheeded so long as these same extravagances elicit that “dear, dear admiration!” for which the female heart, we are told, yearneth above all things. It is the men, and not the women, who are to blame for persistence in following such preposterous modes as that skirt-trailing abomination which has so long held its own in the world of fashion. And, as the men are the encouragers and abettors of these extravagances, it is but reasonable that they should bear the cost. Perhaps that may bring even fools to their senses in time. Ladies’ dresses must now cost a great deal more and last a much shorter time than they were wont to do. Those snakelike trains which women are nowadays in the habit of dragging behind them, sweeping up, as they walk, all the filth and abominations of our often most filthy and abominable streets, mean cash in their first cost, and cash in their frequent repair or renewal. Who supply the needful funds and the necessary encouragement? Why, fathers, husbands, guardians, lovers, of course; and, equally of course, fathers, husbands, guardians, lovers, can at once abate the nuisance by “stopping the supplies” and withholding their approbation. As they are not wise enough or firm enough to do their duty, why, let them pay. We should even be inclined to approve the proposal of a cynical friend, who suggests the formation of a society the members of which should be bound to tread on, and if possible tear, all the trailing skirts that come in their way. This, by adding greatly to the cost of repairing dilapidations, might possibly lead to a cure of the evil complained of. At all events, it is useless, as well as cowardly, to blame the women so long as they are encouraged in their folly by the men. When people are rich, they will be extravagant; when the extravagance becomes too costly, it will check itself; and, therefore, our friend’s projected long-skirt-destroying association might do yeoman service in rescuing us from the inconvenience and costliness of the prevailing style of female dress.

When Englishmen have occasion to “mend their ways,” either in a moral or a physical sense, they generally set about the task in a rather awkward and clumsy fashion. Especially is this true of our highways. The immense traffic on the streets of London necessarily wears out the material of which the roadway is composed in a brief space of time, and makes frequent repair and renewal necessary. But this is a job which it would seem we have not yet learned to execute in a satisfactory manner. Many years have now elapsed since Macadam promulgated his system of road-making; and, though we profess to follow that system, we do so in name only, not in reality. The rules laid down by Macadam were that the granite should be broken into small pieces; that when laid down it should be covered with sand; and that the whole should then be well watered and well rolled. While professing to follow these rules, we violate them all, as has been exemplified within the last few days on the part of Blackfriars-road immediately to the south of the bridge. There large, rough, angular, sharp-edged lumps of granite have been strewed, without any blinding of sand or any attempt at smoothing down by rolling. Not to be envied is the fate of those poor horses whom circumstances condemn to aid in crushing down the nobly protuberances on that and all similar pieces of roadway. These things are managed somewhat better in France. A few weeks ago the roadway of one of the principal bridges of Paris—the Pont Neuf, we think it was—required to be relaid. The traffic was suspended one afternoon; fresh granite, well broken, was laid down; the steam crushing-machines were set to work; and a smooth, well-finished, convenient, and comfortable road was at the service of the public by next morning. Why cannot the menders of public ways in London do likewise?

While on the subject of our streets, we may note, as one of the topics specially deserving of ventilation in the dull season, that the public traffic of London is as much in need of regulating as ever. Brewers’ drays still “block the narrow streets,” railway carriers’ vans still “scour the wide,” at all hours of

the day. Regular deadlocks in some of our principal thoroughfares are of as frequent occurrence as heretofore; the “light” and the “heavy” sorts of traffic are as hopelessly intermixed; cabmen still dawdle, omnibus drivers still linger, as persistently; and human life is as much endangered. Perhaps the efforts of the Metropolitan Board of Works to open up new thoroughfares and widen existing lines of traffic may relieve the streets by-and-by; but, surely, some effort might be made to methodise matters in the meanwhile. Is it nobody’s business to attempt this needful task? Is no one entitled to interfere effectually to hinder every Jehu in the metropolis from doing just as seemeth good in his own eyes, without regard to the safety and convenience of others? And, if not, why not? We fear this is another matter that is better managed in France.

Poor-law abuses do not specially appertain to the dull season. They are emphatically of all times. But, perhaps, the two latest “developments” in this direction may not be out of place in the sort of statement of grievances we are now engaged in drawing up. In our last week’s Number we reported the practice which obtained at Gateshead of punishing refractory paupers by locking them up in the “dead-house,” with or without the companionship of a defunct fellow-lodger. An ingenious method of torture this; and we suppose the efficiency of the punishment would be greatly enhanced if the disease had been a contagious one of which the dead inmate of the mortuary-shed had died. Had the living prisoner caught the infection and died also, we suppose neither the master nor any one of the Gateshead Workhouse officials would have been sorry. One more pauper would have been disposed of; and that, we presume, would be deemed a good riddance. Of course, the most objectionable part of the Gateshead correctional discipline—that of locking up living and dead together—has been denied. But who ever heard of any such abuse that was not denied or explained away—after it was found out? The style of burying paupers in Bethnal-green, which we this week report, beats even Gateshead in barbarity. We need not reiterate the loathsome details; but we should like to know how long the style of burying paupers, and the way of treating paupers’ relatives, now disclosed, have been in operation. Practices of this sort do not grow to such hideous dimensions all at once. The funeral contractor must have gradually progressed to the height of shamelessness he has now attained; and surely some official must have known of, and ought to have checked, his conduct long ere now. In fact, it is impossible to believe that the Bethnal-green poor-law officials were ignorant of the system of burial in operation; but we suppose the rule holds good there of

Rattle his bones over the stones,  
He’s only a pauper, whom nobody owns;

and that Mr. Bellamy would have been allowed to go on burying the paupers in “hugger mugger” had not the poor woman Cochrane braved the powers that be in Bethnal-green, and made her complaint so publicly that it could not be ignored. How long will public feeling tolerate the horrors which are every day perpetrated in the name, and by the officials and underlings, of local poor-law guardians?

## SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HER MAJESTY and the ROYAL FAMILY, attended by the suite, are expected to leave Balmoral and return to Windsor Castle about Nov. 3.

THE QUEEN OF DENMARK arrived at Dover on Saturday last and was received by the Prince of Wales.

PRINCE HUMBERT OF ITALY is, it is said, to marry a daughter of the Grand Duke Albert of Austria. The marriage, it is reported, is to take place in January.

HER MAJESTY opened the new waterworks of the city of Aberdeen on Tuesday. We hope to illustrate the ceremony in our next Number.

THE KING OF BAVARIA has just made a present to his protégé, Richard Wagner, of a walking-stick, the head of which is a swan chiselled in gold and enriched with brilliants, the whole worth several thousand ducats.

THE MARRIAGE OF THE CESAIREWITCH with Princess Dagmar of Denmark will take place at the end of the present month.

LORD JUSTICE KNIGHT BRUCE tendered his resignation to the Lord Chancellor on Saturday last. Sir Hugh Cairns succeeds to the vacant seat on the bench.

DR. COTTON, Bishop of Calcutta, has been drowned while disembarking from a steamer on the Ganges.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF ARGYLL have adopted the sensible resolution of allowing their second son, Lord Archibald Campbell, to enter as a partner in a large business establishment.

A MONSTER HONEYCOMB, weighing 120lb., was recently discovered under the flooring of a house at Nenagh.

ONE OF THE NEW BOULEVARDS IN MOSCOW has been named the Boulevard Amerikanski.

COUNT EULENBURG, the Prussian officer who killed Herr Ott, at Bonn, has been pardoned, after having been confined several months in a fortress.

A PARK FOR POPLAR is one of the projects now under the consideration of the Metropolitan Board of Works.

THE JAMAICA COMMITTEE say that they must have £10,000 to prosecute Mr. Eyre. They have come forward to fulfil a public duty, and they will not fail the public if the public do not fail them.

THE REV. DR. EMERTON proposes to teach French by forming evening classes of artisans for reading the Bible in the French and English languages.

LORD CRANBOURNE has telegraphed to the Government in India, ordering all necessary relief to be given to the natives who are suffering from the famine.

THE BRITISH VOLUNTEERS who have attended the fêtes and Tir National at Brussels have received a most cordial reception, and have been successful in winning prizes in the rifle competition.

M. CHAMBRAY, a Parisian photographer, has patented a new process, which is said to produce likenesses with even still greater perfection and truth than any before introduced.

THE ELECTION FOR PENRYN AND FALMOUTH has resulted in the return of the Liberal candidate, by a majority of 65. The numbers polled were:—Jervoise Smith (Liberal), 374; R. N. Fowler (Conservative), 309.

THE GRAMPIAN MOUNTAINS were white with snow a few days since; and the temperature, which had previously been damp and close, suddenly changed to a considerable degree of cold.

ALDERMAN GABRIEL, the Lord Mayor Elect, has offered the post of chaplain during his mayoralty to the Rev. William Rogers, M.A., Rector of Bishopsgate, who, however, in consequence of his many duties, has been compelled to decline it.

A MUSEUM is about to be established in connection with Carisbrook Castle, in the Isle of Wight. It is to contain nothing but what illustrates the art, the antiquities, geology, botany, natural history, and history of the island.

TWO COUPLES OF FOACHERS accidentally encountered in a Derbyshire preserve, and each couple took the others to be keepers, whereupon a desperate struggle ensued, in the course of which two of the combatants received broken limbs, and the others broken heads.

THE PRESIDENTS of the Queen’s Colleges at Belfast, Cork, and Galway, have formally withdrawn from the Committee of the Senate of the Queen’s University appointed to carry out the supplemental charter.

AN APPLE-TREE is in full bloom for the second time this year at Westbourne, in Hants. Near the Blechynden station, in Hants, great numbers of people go to see a chestnut-tree in flower for the second time.

THE YARMOUTH ELECTION COMMISSION has nearly finished its work. On Monday the Commissioners held their last sitting at Yarmouth. Their next will be at chambers in the Temple, when they will consider their report.

A LITTLE SCREW-STEAMER, named the Augusta, has just left Liverpool for Pernambuco. The Augusta is only 4½ tons burden, and proceeds to Pernambuco under sail (fore and aft rig) the screw being stowed away on deck. There are only two men, a boy, and a dog in charge of the vessel.

AN ARRANGEMENT has been entered into between the Caledonian Railway, the North British Railway, and the Scottish South-Western Railway not to promote, directly or indirectly, any new schemes during the next Session of Parliament.

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM has recently acquired a pack of playing-cards of singular rarity. They are woven in silk, and were made for the Medici, in the seventeenth century, by a maker named Panichi, whose name is on one. Such cards are not mentioned by Singer, or Otley, or any other authority on the subject.

THE CHIEF ENGINEER OF THE TURKISH SQUADRON AT CANDIA, a Scotchman, named Andrew Cassells, recently embraced Islamism, for which act he was immediately promoted, and made a Bey. Cassells was a member of the Free Church of Scotland, and was looked upon as a religious character. He is a very fair Turkish scholar, and since his adoption of his new faith keeps aloof from all his former European friends.

A YOUNG MARRIED WOMAN preferred a charge of assault against an Irishman named George Brown, at the Devonport Guildhall, last week. It appeared that the defendant went to the house of the complainant respecting some lodgings, and while the apartments were being shown him he seized the landlady and kissed her. The magistrates sentenced him to fourteen days’ imprisonment for the offence.

FOUR MORE LIVES have been sacrificed to the Alp-climbing mania. The victims on this occasion are Captain Arkwright, Simond Michel (guide), and Joseph and Francois Towmire (porters). An avalanche overtook the party—consisting of six persons—while attempting to ascend Mont Blanc, and crushed the four named in such a situation that it is doubtful if their bodies can be recovered.

## THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

MR. JAMES HANNAY, as I mentioned last week, is to be English Consul at Dunkirk. The Dunkirk Consul’s salary is £500 a year. This is the fixed payment voted by the House of Commons. Whether there are any perquisites I cannot say. There is a pretty general belief that the fixed salaries of these consulships do not represent the whole of the incomes received by the Consuls. There are fees, or, if not fees, “advantages.” These advantages, though, are, I suspect, generally only valuable to persons of rather loose principle, and would be of no benefit to a gentleman like Mr. Hannay. Then there is in many places chances of making money by trade. Many of our Consuls abroad are traders, and one can easily see that a consulship may be made very valuable to a trader with an easy conscience. Mr. Hannay, though, is hardly likely to get money in that way. More than once during the last ten years Lord Palmerston was urged to refuse consulships to men in business; but he never would listen to the proposal. His standing argument was that if Consuls were not allowed to trade, in some places, where there are now British Consuls, we could have none, unless, indeed, the country would consent to double and treble the salaries. Thus, for example, who would take the consulship at Surinam for £150 a year if there were no advantages to be got, directly or indirectly, from trading? It has been said that the Conservatives ought to have given Mr. Hannay something better; but it must be remembered, in answer to this, that Government cannot make vacancies, and that there is the chance of promotion. Some of the consulships are very agreeable. The Consul at Havre receives £700 a year; Marseilles, £900; whilst at Hamburg the salary is £1500. Mr. Hannay has got his foot upon the ladder, and, with wisdom and luck, he may rise to the top. All I have to say is, good luck to him! But, in common with many others, I hope he will not lay aside his pen. He will be at an easy distance from London. There is a post from Dunkirk, and I shall hope and expect to recognise, now and then, in our reviews and magazines, his fine Roman hand. It would be a sad thing, indeed, if this consulship were to prove an extinguisher to so gifted a man as Mr. Hannay. One would rather hope that he will use his leisure (of which I suspect he will have plenty) to write some standard permanent work. In his beautiful essay on Admiral Blake he, I think, expresses his regret that we have no good biographies of our English sea-kings. Why should not he supply the want?

The Observer told us last Sunday that Colonel Taylor, the chief whip of the Government, had just issued a proclamation exhorting the Conservatives to “Register! register! for there will be a general election next spring or summer.” Anyone conversant with election law must have seen at once that the Observer was misinformed. It is too late now to exhort men to register this year. The lists are closed, and in a few weeks the registers for the year beginning on the 1st of December will be made up. What Colonel Taylor did was this. He sent a circular, as usual, to all the Conservative agents in June last. There can, though, be no doubt that a general election in 1867 is likely, and somewhat more than likely. We shall certainly have some warm work next Session—pitched battles, skirmishings, ambuscades, fierce hand-to-hand duels, and, indeed, all sorts of wordy fightings. And it will require much more skilful generalship than Mr. Disraeli can boast, I fancy, and a much more closely united party, and a larger force of auxiliaries from the cave than I can see any chance of his getting, to enable him to escape a defeat serious enough to compel him to go to the country or resign. And, as it is understood that he will not resign without going to the country, a general election seems to be imminent. The reform bill, which the whole world seems to be confident he will propose (albeit, he has as yet made no sign), will beset him with dangers. How he is to construct a measure that will not alarm the stiff, unbending old Conservatives, like General Peel, Lord John Manners, Lord Cranbourne, and the like of them, and, at the same time, be such a one as the Whigs dare accept, I cannot imagine. I say *dare accept*, rather than would be willing to accept, advisedly. The Whigs, most of them, would be willing to accept a very moderate bill indeed. The more moderate, the better they would like it. Indeed, they would be better pleased to have none at all. “Be sure of this, my friend,” said a Radical member, “there are not more than fifty men in the House who really in their hearts want reform.” And I agree with him; and, if they could, they would shelve the question. But they cannot—that is, they dare not—and I do not think that they will dare to accept any measure that will be acceptable to the old Conservatives.

I do not like to assume the ephod, and prophesy; but there can be no harm in guessing what may be the course of events in the forthcoming Session. Mr. Disraeli then, I guess, will lay a bill upon the table with loud flourishings of rhetorical trumpets, which bill will probably extend the suffrage downwards as far as Gladstone’s measure, and perhaps farther, and the bill will be read a first time without a division, and loud will be the crowings and cacklings in the Conservative papers throughout the kingdom over this wonderful egg. “There! there! Did not we tell you so? You fancied that the Conservatives were enemies to reform. Why, they have given you as large a measure as Gladstone’s was;” and so on. This bill will not come on for second reading for at least a month. Meanwhile, of course, it will be subjected to the severest scrutiny; and the result of this scrutiny will be, I guess, this: the bill certainly extends the suffrage downwards, but then it also extends it laterally. It proposes to give power to the artisan class, but it also proposes to increase the power of the propertied class to an equal, or even to a larger, extent. It gives, say, two to the artisans and two or even three to the propertied class. In the first case, we should be as we are now; in the second, the artisan class would be weaker than they are, in the proportion of three to two. This, I guess, will be the sort of bill which Disraeli will table. Well, if my guess should prove correct, what will happen? Let me guess again. I guess, then, that many of the Whigs will



feel strongly inclined at first to support the measure, but that, after a time, there will come up to the House such a storm of remonstrances, and even threats, that they will shrink back and vote against it, letting "I dare not, wait upon I would;" and the bill, after infinite talk and numerous divisions, will be rejected, or be so mutilated that its authors will withdraw it, and then dissolve Parliament. This is what I guess; and, mind you, I do not guess wildly. Certain Conservative birds have whistled in my ear that we are to have a downward extension of the suffrage, and a proportional lateral extension as a check and counterpoise.

Mr. W. E. Forster has launched a strange opinion. He thinks that Disraeli may imitate Sir Robert Peel and carry a Radical Reform Bill—as Sir Robert Peel repealed the corn laws—in opposition to his party. Fancy it! It would be as good as a play—as sensational and exciting, indeed, as any melodrama that Dion Boucault ever wrote. Poor as I am, I would "stump a fiver," as the betting-men say, to see such a melodrama acted. Of course, in such case the Cabinet must be purged. The Earl of Derby surely must be ejected; General Peel and Lord John Manners certainly; and almost certainly Lord Cranbourne: these, if no more. The vacant places would, of course, be filled up with moderate Liberal-Conservatives; and then would come the tug of war—Greek against Greek. Lord Cranbourne would take the part which Disraeli took in the corn-law fight. He would rake Hansard for all Disraeli's sarcasms, and tropes, and metaphors. "The Whigs were bathing, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer stole their clothes;" and that notable picture of the Turkish fleet prepared for battle, "going over, with all its sails set, to the enemy." And with what gusto would he hurl back these darts upon their original owner! And would not Dizzy give as good as he got? Yea, verily, and better; for Cranbourne, in such a war as this, would be no match for Disraeli. Of course the reform bill would be carried, and then what course would events take? Well, I suppose they would adhere to precedent. The Conservative Government would, by a junction of Whigs and Tories, be speedily overthrown, as Sir Robert Peel's was. Disraeli and his immediate followers, like Sir Robert and his, would stand aloof, and form a party named Disraelites, or Dizzites, which some London Alderman would change into the more poetic form of Dizzy-heights. Ultimately, these would be absorbed into the great Liberal party, as the Peelites were. And the old Conservative party, once more drained of its intellect, and further damaged by the reform bill, would sink into insignificance for evermore. Ah, I fear all this is too good to be true!

I have been taking a last lounge for the season over some of my favourite Hertfordshire haunts. At St. Albans there has been completed a piece of work which I suppose the local Dogberries will call an improvement. During all the summer a mass of scaffolding has surrounded the tower near the market-place. From the denseness of the interlaced beams and poles it was difficult to guess what was going on, so I did not venture to speculate on the subject. The mystery has now been revealed. The scaffolding has been removed, and there stands displayed one of the most ridiculous "muses" ever evolved from mountainous labour. On one corner of the massive square tower there has been perched a diminutive spire, between which and its pedestal there is the most ludicrous disproportion. An illuminated clock-dial has also been placed in the tower, against which I have not a word to say; but when one looks at the tower, and the spire, and the lighted-up dial, it is impossible to resist the fancy that the first is a gigantic candlestick, and the second an extinguisher placed handy for putting out the illuminating flame of the third. I suppose a good sum of money has been spent in erecting this tiny spire; but assuredly a more inadequate result was never achieved. The tower was a tolerably respectable tower as it stood: massive, square, and perhaps a little rude in its substantiality. But with this puny little spire stuck upon one corner it has been made supremely preposterous. I think I once before mentioned the reprehensible practice pursued at St. Albans of feeding sheep among the graves in the abbey churchyard. I perceive that no abatement has yet been made of this nuisance, and that, in addition to the sheep, a colony of fowls has taken possession of what ought to have been reverently kept sacred as "God's acre." Of course, sad havoc is made by the scratching fraternity among the "grassy hillocks" which cover the remains of former parishioners, about which it seems to be no one's business to care. I know not who is responsible for this state of things, but, assuredly, it is a disgrace to some one. The incumbent, Dr. Nicholson, died lately, and I believe the cure is now vacant; but are there no churchwardens, no curate, no one with spirit enough to call the attention of the rural dean—if there be one—or of the diocesan, the Bishop of Rochester, to the systematic desecration of which St. Albans Abbey churchyard is the scene? Does it not occur to the clergy of the district that a lesson in infidelity is taught every hour that this desecration is continued? How can we believe in the sincerity of the clergy in preaching the resurrection of the perfect body when we see sheep nibbling the grass nourished by the mouldering bodies below? Ah! there are many things of which the gentle shepherds of the Church flock ought to tell us the why and the wherefore.

Without wishing to trench upon the province of a collaborator, I may mention that a recent number of the *Fortnightly Review* contains a highly interesting article by Mr. W. R. S. Ralston on Koltsch, a Russian poet, who, though the most thoroughly national of all the poets that Russia has produced—or perhaps, I should say, for that very reason—has hitherto scarcely attracted even the passing attention of those critics and translators who, in England, France, and, above all, in Germany, have had so much to say about the works of Pouchkin and Zernomoff. These two poets, whose productions are supported by many to constitute the whole poetic literature of Russia, were, however, above all, imitators; and, without Byron, it is difficult to understand how either of them could have existed. Koltsch, on the other hand, was as natural and genuine a poet as Burns, and belongs to Russia as much as Burns did to Scotland. Let me add, however, that Koltsch was not of the Muscovite or Great Russian race. Like Gogol, he came from the pure Slavonian country of Little Russia. It is remarkable that the Muscovite country, though it has produced able men in other classes and other spheres, has not yet given the empire one man of original genius, either as a poet, a painter, or a musician.

The *Fortnightly*, I notice, pays an unusual amount of attention to the affairs of Eastern Europe. Mr. Adam Gielgud has recently contributed two excellent articles on "The Danubian Principalities" and on "European Turkey and Its Subject Races," the latter of which appears in the current number. Mr. Benni, in this same number, writes on the subject of "Russian Society," and demonstrates very ingeniously the impossibility of such a thing as public opinion existing in Russia, where, nevertheless, during the last Polish insurrection, it *did* exist, and in great force. Mr. Benni's paper contains valuable information on purely Russian matters, and his sketches of Russian political men are admirable; but his account of a little episode in the diplomatic proceedings of 1863, which places the English Ambassador and one of his Attachés in a ridiculous light, is fundamentally, and in all its details, incorrect.

#### THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

In the article headed "Comte and Mill" in No. XXXIV. of the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. Lewes considers Mr. Mill's criticisms on Comte (and incidentally one of Mr. Spencer's), quoting, on the way, Dr. Bridges and M. Littré for collateral ends of defence against the criticisms. Mr. Lewes writes with philosophic dignity and *largo* both of thought and style; and what I think about his article is briefly this:—1. The first paragraph of all I do not understand, after many hard trials to get inside it. 2. On the "preliminary question," I think it is quite obvious that, though the "positive method" is old, the positive philosophy was a distinct achievement of Auguste Comte; 3. On the main question about psychology—i.e., as to its place in the positive hierarchy—I agree with Mr. Lewes in the position he now takes up: if the positive hierarchy is admitted, clearly psychology is a branch of biology; 4. On the question of the non-existence of an organon of proof in the positive scheme, I agree with the objection—i.e., I think no "test of inductive proof" can by

any device whatever be squeezed into positivism. But then, on the other hand, I think Mr. Mill is not the right man to throw this stone; because he lives (in my opinion) in a glass house. The rest of the paper I must, for various reasons, leave untouched. The Rev. G. W. Cox writes a very interesting paper on the "Origin of the English;" but neither Mr. Cox, nor Mr. Pike, nor the *Saturday Review*, nor anybody else, will ever be able to settle such questions, or will even be in the right line for settling them, until a certain preparatory step has been taken. "What is that step?" Being only a Lounger, Sir, I am surely not expected to answer, in this column, a fundamental question like that. "Then you shouldn't make mysterious remarks." Shouldn't I? But I shall do as I choose about it. I am fond of mystery. It's a fine thing, mystery. I love to be mysterious. I will be mysterious. *Omnia excent in mysterium.* Mystery for ever! Mr. Thornton's "New Theory of Supply and Demand" I haven't read yet; but, as I never thought the common theory was anything but hanky-panky, I am quite ready for something new. The "sensation" article of the number is that on "The Army: by a (late) Common Soldier." It is guaranteed by the editor—being unsigned for obvious reasons; it is moderate, yet not weak; and it is strongly confirmatory of suspicions and surmises which most of us must have had about the Army. Mr. Dennis is quite wrong in supposing that the untravelled do not care for travel-papers (p. 454). What could put such a thing into his head? I doat on guide-books and cookery-books! As for Mr. Meredith's "Vittoria"—I will not insult the author by the comparative words I was just going to use—it is simply incomparable. How beautiful is the rhythm of some of the passages:—

Her voice possessed the mountain-shadowed lake.

This, though good prose, is a good verse; and, oddly enough, the very next sentence is a verse too:—

The rowers pulled lustily home through chill air.

But perhaps a *row* is left out before "chill"? The passage on page 471, again, beginning "Vittoria looked on Laura," and ending "with a soldier's cloak," is a remarkable specimen of a poet's prose. Mr. Ruskin has written much prose of very beautiful rhythm; but he never wrote a paragraph like this. It is, I repeat, a poet's prose, distinctly, and would so stand out in high relief among ten thousand "elegant extracts." I willingly pass over the Political Summary for once; but Mr. Seebohm's continuation of his papers on "The Oxford Reformers of 1498" demands a strong word of admiration.

It must be a very arduous matter to keep up a weighty interest in a periodical like this, appearing every fortnight! Most of us have had our speculations about it, I suppose. As it is a sort of open council or free platform for people of ability and culture (indeed, I don't believe Mr. Lewes would be the man to refuse a good article that betrayed a want of "culture"), one wonders whether the editor is much bothered by uninvited contributions? Some time ago Mr. Trollope wrote (you may remember my noticing it at the time) a sort of manifesto, which some people would fancy must be followed by a flood of articles offered for acceptance. But I think this would be a wrong supposition—

... Uninvited.

Thus we translate a general invitation.

Among minor magazines, I believe those which invite contributions are not those which get the most; and, though the liberality and justice of the editor stand as high as those of any man in England—though, perhaps, no one has given men who write so many reasons to trust him—the majority of the articles in the *Fortnightly* have been by known men whose very names carry weight with them.

The *Fortnightly* for the 15th of October contains another of Mr. Bagehot's very thoughtful and well-informed articles on the "British Constitution," and—here's "nuts" for you!—an authentic account, by Mr. Moncre D. Conway (the American gentleman who so ably fills the pulpit of the late W. J. Fox), of Walt Whitman, with extracts from the "Leaves of Grass." Won't that tempt you to buy the *Fortnightly*? Probably, Mr. Editor, I may review Walt Whitman at an early day in your columns; so I will say no more about him here, except that this friend of Abraham Lincoln, who ministered, personally, during the war, to a hundred thousand sick and wounded soldiers, has been presented with another berth under Government in lieu of the one from which he was meanly removed for the alleged impropriety of some of his verses. In reviewing Dr. Rigg, Mr. Peter Bayne sets up a most ingenious paradox about theism and miracles; but it is only a paradox—to make out which he, first of all, unconsciously discharges the word "miracle" of its meaning. To an atheist the event which to a theist would be something miraculous, would only be something else.

#### THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

Mr. Byron's burlesque version of "Der Freyschutz; or, the Belle, the Bill, and the Ball," was brought out at the little theatre in Tottenham-street on Wednesday week. Oddly enough, the PRINCE OF WALES' edition of Weber's great work differs from the edition now acting at the STRAND as widely as it is possible for burlesques written on the same theme to differ. It would hardly be fair to enter into a detailed description of the points of difference, so I elect to leave the lovers of burlesque to find them out without my aid. Some of the puns and plays upon words are Byronic in the extreme. Thus, the magic bullet fired at the distant eagle is described as going

In and out the Eagle;

and Max, after he has lost the prize at the shooting-match, expresses his despair by misquoting from "Locksley Hall":—

Oh, my aim is shallow-hearted! Oh, my aim is mine no more!

However, it is impossible to do justice to Mr. Byron's marvellous power over the English language, which can only be likened to the power possessed by M. Robert Houdin or Herr Wiljalba Frikell over eggs, bullets, glass globes full of water, cards, and canaries. Let me pass to the acting. Miss Lydia Thompson makes a sprightly Max, Miss Lydia Maitland a smart Killian, and Miss Louisa Weston the most gorgeous of Princesses. Miss Louisa Moore, as Agatha, is so charming, both to look at and to listen to, to say nothing of thinking about after you have left the theatre, that adjectives are "all too poor" to describe her charms, personal, vocal, and histrionic. Mr. Clarke, as the villain and the tempter Caspar, has precisely the part that pleases him and in which he pleases his audience. Mr. Frederick Younge, as Zamiel the Demon Huntsman, made a marked impression. He delivered the lines subtly and sarcastically, and was, as a gentleman close by me expressed himself, "devilish good." Mr. Montgomery was portentous and operatic as Kuno; and Mr. Glover, a new appearance at this theatre, made a hit in his part, in his dance and his song, a parody on the famous romance in "Fra Diavolo," in which Mr. Glover substitutes for the terrible word "Diavolo!" "Diavolo! Diavolo!" the milder expression, "My dear fellow! my dear fellow! my dear fellow!" The scenery, by Mr. James, is characteristic and beautiful; and the costumes are things to be seen.

The new drama produced at the ADELPHI on Saturday, called "Ethel; or, Only a Life," obtained anything but a favourable reception. With touches of talent here and there, the general impression it creates is morbid and disagreeable. The subject of the pursuit of beautiful poverty by opulent vice is the reverse of attractive. In "Ethel," as if the ugly side of our moral nature was not sufficiently harrowing, physical disease is brought in to increase the strain upon our feelings. This is not as it should be. More healthy means of creating interest and excitement should be sought for; and it may be considered a good sign that a portion of the audience who witnessed the first representation of "Ethel" expressed their disapprobation loudly and deeply. The piece was excellently acted, but no amount of talent could float a work so thoroughly repugnant to English feeling.

The STRAND THEATRE has enlivened its bills by the production of a neat little comedieta, adapted by Mr. W. H. Swanborough from a French piece, "Chez une Petite Dame," which was produced with success in Paris some time since. I am not quite sure that I understand why "In the Wrong Box" is described as a comedieta, for the incidents are as farcical as they can possibly be. Harry

Radclyffe, possibly intended by Mr. Swanborough as the type of a smart gentlemanly young fellow, but being, in point of fact, a dunder-headed booby of the most unsatisfactory die, is intrusted by a friend, who is about to be married to a Mrs. Armytage, with a mission of remarkable delicacy. He is to call on Mdlle. Duverger, the eminent danseuse, and obtain from her, by a bribe of £400, certain letters which are likely to compromise the bridegroom elect, if Mdlle. Duverger should ever be base enough to bring them under the notice of the blooming widow to whom he is to be married. The letter-writer (whose name has escaped me) could not possibly have selected a worse confidant than Mr. Harry Radclyffe. That gentleman, in discharge of his mission, calls, by mistake, upon Mrs. Armytage instead of Mdlle. Duverger; and, under the impression that he is in the presence of a *dansseuse*, proceeds to indulge in a series of extraordinary familiarities. The lady perceives his mistake, and humours him by allowing him to continue in it. She procures the letters in question from Mdlle. Duverger (who lives next door), and sends them, with a note of dismissal from herself, to her admirer. Eventually Harry Radclyffe discovers his mistake and apologises to such excellent effect that the blooming widow bestows upon that abject traitor her hand, heart, and fortune. The traitorous booby is pleasantly played by Mr. Parselle; Miss Maria Simpson plays the buxom widow with excellent taste; and a pert maid finds an excellent representative in Miss E. Johnston. The piece bears unmistakable evidence of being almost a literal translation; even the inevitable "marriage contract" has been retained. It was quite successful; and the "author" bowed his acknowledgments, on the fall of the curtain.

"Meg's Diversion" is the title of a very charming little domestic drama which was produced at the NEW ROYALTY on Wednesday last. The plot turns mainly upon the disastrous effects which result from an over-developed taste for practical joking, more particularly in matters connected with love and matrimony. It is, briefly, to the following effect:—Margaret Crow (Miss M. Oliver), the daughter of an apparently prosperous, but actually impoverished, Devonshire farmer, is carrying on a flirtation with a master carpenter, Jasper Pidgeon (Mr. H. T. Craven). Her father, Jeremy Crow (Mr. Russell), a bluff, selfish, unscrupulous farmer, wishes to borrow £2000 from Jasper; and, in order to gain his end, he encourages his daughter Margaret (who has a preternaturally-developed taste for practical joking) to pretend devoted love for Jasper. This she agrees to do, although she is not cognisant of her father's sordid motive. The first act concludes with Jasper's agony on discovering the hoax that has been played upon him. Jasper has a brother, Roland, who, indignant at the trick that has been played upon Jasper, determines to avenge himself on the unconscientious flirt, and does so by pretending to fall desperately in love with her. She accepts him, and then discovers that he loves her sister Cornelia (Miss A. Bourke). She overhears an indignant protest on the part of Jasper at Roland's faithlessness, and is so charmed at his disinterested affection for her that she makes him happy by bestowing upon him in good earnest the hand which she had given him in jest three months before. The piece is charmingly written, and admirably played by every one concerned. Miss Oliver played the thoughtless, but not vicious, flirt with a vivacity and pathos which told thoroughly upon her audience. It has never been my lot to see this young lady in a part so thoroughly adapted to her powers. Mr. Craven interpreted the rough, homely, but manly and honourable, rustic with consummate skill; Mr. F. Dewar, a most valuable addition to this company, played the difficult part of the jocular but determined brother with great care; Mr. Russell was sufficiently bluff as the crafty farmer; and Mr. Kenward and Mrs. Leigh Murray had an amusing underplot all to themselves. The piece was thoroughly successful, and, save that it was as full of bad puns as a burlesque, deservedly so. I beg to congratulate Miss Oliver on the spirit she has shown in determining to produce original pieces, and in the taste she has exhibited in the one she has chosen.

#### THE SMITHFIELD OF TO-DAY.

WHEN Smithfield was Smoothfield, and the old priory of Saint Bartholomew grew up beside the sloppy area where the Court of Pied Poudre and the annual joust and fair were held, he would have been a bold prophet who ventured to foretell even the smallest of the alterations which came in later days. The jousts and tournaments continued in the "Campus planus," as Fitzstephen called it; and it was not till 1615 that it was railed round, filled with strong bars to protect passengers from the cattle that were brought there, and furnished with gutters to carry off the drainage. At that time it was so arranged that it might become "a fair and peaceable market, by reason that Newgate Market, Cheapside, Leadenhall, and Gracechurch-street were unmeasurably pestered with the unimaginable increase and multiplicity of market-folks." And this field, commonly called West Smithfield, was for many years called Ruffians' Hall, by reason it was the usual place of frays and common fighting during the time that swords and bucklers were in use. But the ensuing deadly fight of rapier and dagger suddenly suppressed the fighting with sword and buckler.

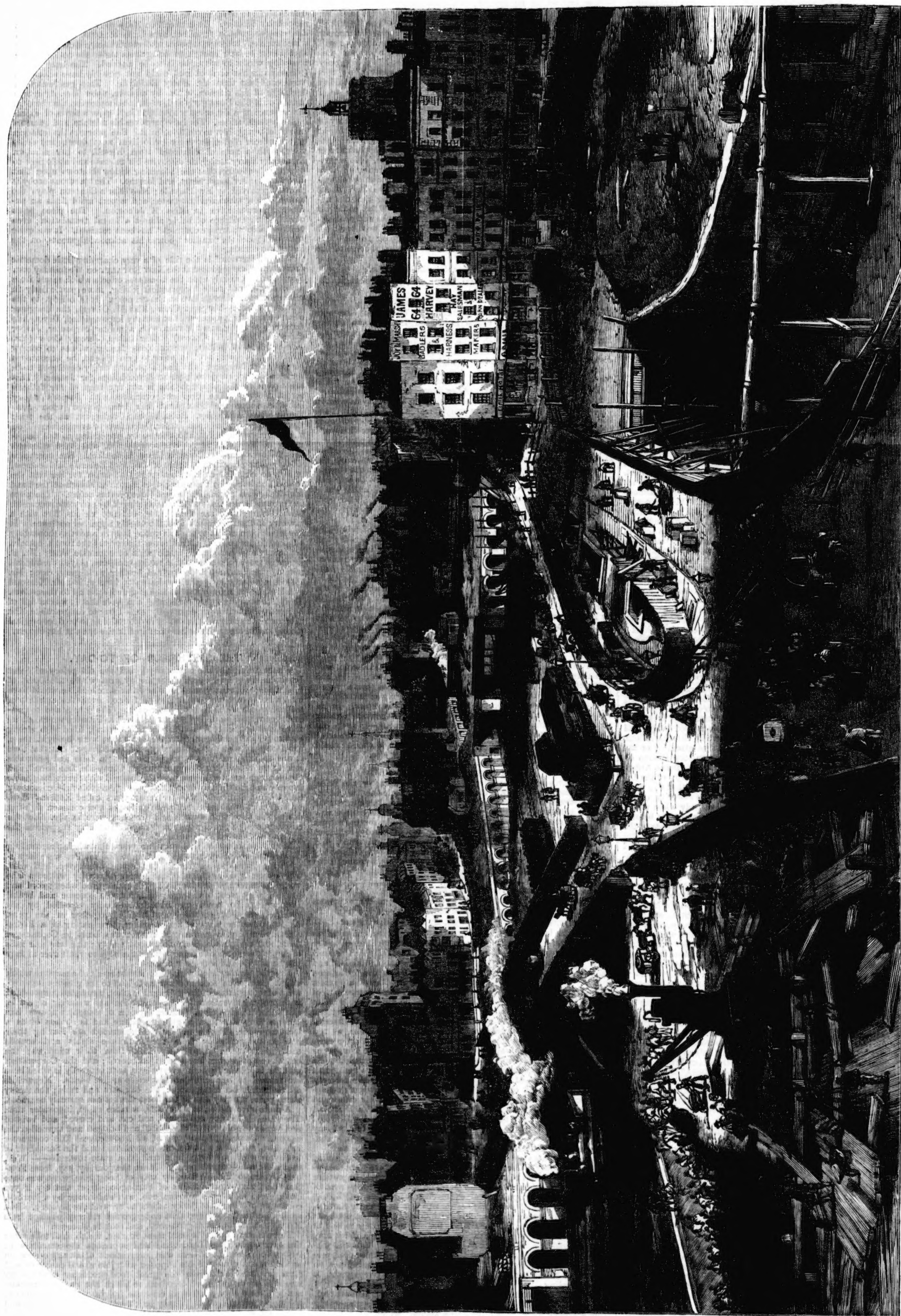
Most of us know too well that for years the whole surrounding district and the thoroughfares that led to the market were impassable for three days a week; that cattle, overdriven, half wild, and frequently dying from disease, were driven by wretches who would have been pilloried even in the earlier time when sword and buckler play went on there; and that the obscene and brutal language to be heard on all sides was only equalled by the cruelties practised on the beasts huddled together in the pens. At length, after years of remonstrance, terminating in a Parliamentary inquiry, a new cattle market was built in Copenhagen fields, and the pens at Smithfield stood empty; the bars and rails of rugged, stubborn oak being left for the boys to vault over as they played at hide-and-seek or "touch."

Everybody now knows what has been the result of a measure which might have been so conducted as to lead to the greatest improvement of modern times. The Islington market, incomplete, unprovided with proper convenience for the protection and watering of cattle, and without including a sufficient system of slaughter houses, has become little else than a gigantic failure, and is spoken of as a local nuisance. People in the neighbourhood are leaving their houses, to get away from the loathsome sights and sounds that greet them when they look from their windows; the brutalities of drovers are almost unchecked; and the Corporation muddle is distinctly seen everywhere, as it generally is when laws are framed to be administered by irresponsible hands. Meanwhile old Smithfield has disappeared: the oak bars and rails; the mossy sheep pens; the very area of the horse market can scarcely be traced.

A more effectual, or, at all events, a more rapid, innovator than Time himself has dug and delved, and cut and carved, and twisted and turned the old "Ruffians' Hall," and bridged and tunnelled the smooth "Campus planus" out of all knowledge. The contractor has done the work of a dozen Corporations; and the Smithfield of to-day is a chaotic heap, in a transition state towards—Well, that's the rub—towards what? Make the journey, say, from Finsbury-square to Temple Bar, by way of Long-lane, what was once Snow-hill, and what remains of Farringdon-street, and try if you can guess. Charter a hansom cab, and endeavour by a journey, consisting of a series of jerky twists, to unravel the mystery. Run amidst pestilent smells on that underground railway passage from Moorgate-street to Farringdon-road, and seek to discover.

There is some talk of a dead meat market, which shall take away the over traffic from Leadenhall and supersede the shambles at Newgate. There have been wild suggestions of an agglomeration of stately stalls and dépôts supplied with joints, and carcases, and farm produce direct from the great food-producing counties by means of an underground terminus to which the railways radiate, and whence a mighty lift shall raise the freight of flesh and fowl to the upper surface, where it may be cleared by the consigners and taken off at once to their customers. But "these be dreams." Those who know how long it took to move the Corporation to move the cattle from the Smithfield of the past have little hope of the market of the future.





PRESENT STATE OF OLD SMITHFIELD.





OUR FRIENDS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.



## OUR ZOOLOGICAL FRIENDS.

I THINK one of the jolliest holidays in the whole year is to go to the Zoological, don't you? When I say, "Don't you?" I don't mean you at all—that is, I mean I don't mean you if you're a man, nor yet if you're a woman, nor a girl; but if you're a boy. I'm a boy, and I shan't be a man for ever so long, nor for quite eight years; and yet people, by which I mean Aunt Fanny, will always keep telling me I'm quite a man, as if she didn't know better. I wonder where she expects to go for such a story. I do wish people—by which I mean not only Aunt Fanny, but Uncle James, and Mr. Bradbrook, and all that lot—would let us boys alone; don't you? They aint such very wonderful men themselves, to be so bounceable about it, if it comes to that; and for them to keep on saying you're quite a man, and then the next moment, if you happen to upset a cup of coffee, or to make a spot on your jacket, to tell you that you'll never be a man, is what I call a jolly falsehood, and, what's more, a mean, sneaky way of pretending that they don't wish they'd never been men, but had stopped at boys all their lives. I'll take precious good care I won't be like them when I'm a man. I fancy I know how boys like to be treated, and when I grow up and am well off, this is how I shall serve boys that come to see me, because, don't you see, I shan't have any boys of my own. I don't mean to get married, if I know it. I've seen quite enough of that with Emily Puller; she used to call me a boy, and laughed when I wanted her to say she'd marry me after I gave her my new knife and she gave me a pincushion for it for fear it should be unlucky and cut the love between us. Yes, she laughed; but what did she do? Why, she went and got married to old Fortyskew, that walks on a crutch in the streets, where the boys call names after him and fire at him with peashooters.

Well, this is what I should do with boys—say a week's holidays, like those that have just passed at Michaelmas. Sunday: church in the morning, with the corner of the pew, and an ounce of peppermint lozenges, and a prayer-book with pictures in; roast goose and apple-tart for dinner, and pears and cob nuts afterwards; hot sherry negus, with nutmeg.

Afternoon: The picture Bible, Cook's "Geography," and Goldsmith's "Animated Nature." They're all proper books for Sundays—because, of course, we don't want to make that like other days; do we? I should have puzzles, and maps, and portfolios of pictures, and other books in the evening; but, mind you, muffins and crumpets or else sally-lunns for tea; and a hot toast with port-wine negus, made sweet, for supper, and a jam tart and an apple to go to bed with.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, I'd have a list made out of all the best things that could be seen. Tuesday and Friday I should go to the Zoological, and all the other days to all the jolliest other places; but I wouldn't bother about that stupid chemistry, except when something was going to be fired off—I mean at the Polytechnic. I should go to the pastry court when there wasn't dissolving views, or the ghost, or the cherubs in the air; and, in the evening, theatre, and oysters or else lobster, afterwards. I mean the regular theatre, you know; not but what I'd have a play one at home—a big one, with all the characters made strong in the legs, and proper lamps in front. Wouldn't I have a magic lantern, neither! and a bagatelle, and lots of games, and conjuring tricks, and clockwork animals!

I like animals—they're so jolly amusing, especially if they're alive; that's why I like the Zoological—I call it Zoo-logical, out of spite, because Aunt Fanny and that lot will call it Zo-ological. Just like their nonsense. But whether it's Zo-oh or Zoo, I like it. I consider the animals there are quite friends of mine—especially the camel, the giraffe, and the elephant. Men and women don't like animals, you know; and, of course, girls are frightened of everything. They go stalking about, and getting before people, and treading on people's toes; but they don't like the Zoological. They pretend that they do, but I know better. They're never friends with the animals, and the animals know all about it, especially the elephant; he's found out what men are long ago. I think I should like to be an elephant. They're so wise, and so strong, and so jolly altogether, elephants are; and don't they live a precious long time, and serve people out if they offend them? I know lots of stories about all sorts of animals; but the elephant's what I like to read about, better than monkeys, or bears, or tigers, or even seals, though, mind you, there are some jolly things about seals in a book that I had lent me once, and I copied some of 'em out into a ciphering-book. I'll show it you when you come to our house, and then I'll tell you all about elephants. I'll keep one in a shed in the back garden when I grow up, see if I don't; perhaps they'd save me a little one at the Zoological when the Mrs. Elephant has kittens. I wonder what it would cost. Perhaps if I began to save up for it at once I might be able to buy one by that time. It would be big, though, wouldn't it? and I couldn't get it through the street door. They weigh two tons; that's—let me see—twice twenty's forty hundredweight—elephants do. My eye! We'll talk about that, and measure how much room it would take off the garden to build a house for him.

When I go to the Zoological I like to ride on the one there. It feels something between a swing and a seesaw when you're on his back; but I wish they wouldn't let girls go with you. They're such a precious time getting up the ladder; and then you can't move about; and the people will keep giving him buns when you want to start. I should like just this—for you and me to go to the gardens and have the elephant all to ourselves, to go where we liked, and play at tiger-hunting. We could have our peashooters, you know; and then, if we could only get one of the keepers to let out a real tiger, and call him back when we wanted him to, that would be jolly. But we should have to go without Aunt Fanny, and Mr. Bradbrook, and that lot, I can tell you. When I go with them, I dodge round and come out at the other end of the monkey-house, and then hide whenever I see them coming to look for me. Old Bradbrook will talk all about natural history, and what he calls the habitat and structure of the animals. Much he knows about it, the old duffer! He little thinks that all the time I'm comparing him to the hyena. I've looked out the word hyena in the dictionary, and spell it with a diphthong. Aint old Bradbrook just like a hyena, neither? He laughs just like one when he makes what he calls a joke. It is generally about me, and he little thinks how near he is to having a jolly kick of the shins. They feed the hyenas on shins—shins of beef, and don't they scrunch 'em? But I wanted to tell you what I do when I'm looking at the animals, my friends, at the Zoological. I'm comparing 'em to the people I know, and I can tell you that my friends there are awfully like my friends outside. I know a two-toed ant-eater that's the very image of old Fortyskew. I told Aunt Fanny that I wished there were *ant-eaters* wild in this country, and she cried. There's a puma that's more like Carry Bell than her own sister is; and, as for old Doctor Ramsbottom, he's more like the hippopotamus than ever, since he took to having his hair cut.

But you come to see us next half, and I'll try to get Aunt Fanny to take us, without old Bradbrook. I can do anything I like when he's not there, and then I'll show you some of my Zoological friends.

## REFORM DEMONSTRATION AT GLASGOW.

THE greatest public demonstration that has occurred in Glasgow for a long series of years took place on Tuesday morning. During the reform agitation of 1832 a large assemblage of Reformers, numbering about 70,000, met together on Glasgow-green, and now a similar meeting, only one of twice the size, estimated to contain about 150,000 persons, has assembled on the same spot, under the auspices of the Reform League, to pass resolutions in favour of another reform bill. A large trades' procession, containing, according to the most accurate estimate, from 28,000 to 30,000 persons, was formed on the green at eleven o'clock, and marched thence through the principal streets of Glasgow and back again to the starting-point, where, from various platforms, several meetings were held simultaneously, and resolutions in favour of Parliamentary reform adopted. Some better idea of the size of the procession than can be obtained from any vague estimate of the numbers it contained may be formed from the fact that, marching four abreast, at a fair speed, it occupied two hours in passing any given spot; and, although its ranks were kept pretty close together, it extended over a length of from four to five miles. While the main body of the procession was threading its way through the principal streets of the town, and before the tail end had left Glasgow-green, the head of the line had actually completed its journey and returned to its old place on the green. Fortunately the weather, upon which the success of outdoor demonstrations so much depends, was tolerably fine; for, although there was no sunshine until late in the afternoon, there was no rain, and a nice cool temperature, best suited for large open-air gatherings, prevailed during the morning.

Mr. John Bright, M.P., who had accepted an invitation to address the inhabitants of Glasgow upon the subject of reform at an evening meeting, witnessed the progress of the procession from the window of the Cobden Hotel, in Argyle-street. He was accompanied by Mr. M'Laren, M.P.; Mr. Dalglish, M.P.; Mr. Graham, M.P., and a number of other persons, including among them a daughter of the late Mr. Cobden. As the procession and the immense crowd which accompanied it passed by the hotel, repeated cheers were given for Mr. Bright, who bowed his acknowledgments. The line of the procession presented a very animated appearance. Many of the houses within the route taken by the procession seemed dressed for a holiday, and flags and banners of the Glasgow colours floated from the windows on every side, while at some points lines were suspended across the streets, and so thickly adorned with flowers and leaves that they assumed something of the appearance of triumphal arches. Business in the town was almost entirely suspended throughout the day, and almost every shop was closed, either from a wish to give greater impressiveness to the proceedings or from a wholesome dread of smashed windows—a dread which the size and densely-packed character of the gathering in the streets sufficiently warranted. The procession itself was headed by a large body of carters, who, mounted on horseback, were well adapted to clear the way. These were followed by bodies of workmen from various trade establishments in the town, and representing nearly every branch of manufacturing industry carried on in Glasgow. There were, besides, deputations from the following, among other, towns:—Paisley, Dumbarton, Greenock, Brechin, Stirling, Govan, Renfrew, Kilmarnock, Rothesay, Rutherglen, and Port Glasgow. Banners and mottoes were distributed in the greatest profusion along the whole procession, most of the mottoes protesting against the withholding of manhood suffrage and the ballot from the working classes. One of the mottoes excited considerable amusement, the cabinetmakers of Glasgow marching under the inscription, "The people should be the Cabinet makers." One of the flags bore a huge coloured portrait of Mr. Gladstone, with the words, "Reform—Retrenchment," inscribed beneath; and a sort of companion picture representing Mr. Bright was shown on another flag, with the curiously-worded motto, "Honour Bright," "Stick to your colours." Another banner told the people, "Reform, 'if 't were done, 't were well it were done quickly.'" Borne high upon a pole was a device emblematical of the Cave Adullam. Among the banners were several, moth-eaten and tattered, which figured in the Reform agitation of 1832.

The scene upon the green after the return of the procession was very animated. It was really impossible to form an estimate of the number present, but it far exceeded the attendance of any previous demonstration of the same character. Every portion of the green was crowded, and flags and banners by thousands lent an additional attraction to the scene.

In the evening a public meeting was held in the City-hall, Candleriggs street. This immense hall, one of the largest in the kingdom, was crowded to inconvenience. Mr. Bright, on entering the hall, was loudly cheered. Mr. Dalglish, M.P., presided, and among those on the platform, in addition to Mr. Bright, were—Mr. Graham, M.P.; Mr. T. B. Potter, M.P.; Mr. Duncan M'Laren, M.P.; Mr. H. E. Crum-Ewing, M.P.; Mr. J. Merry, M.P.; Mr. E. Beales; Provost M'Farlane, of Paisley; Provost M'Kay; Bailie Hay, of Dundee, &c. The great feature of the evening's proceedings was, of course, the speech delivered by Mr. Bright, who, in reply to an address, spoke as follows:—

Mr. Chairman, and citizens of no mean city, I accept this address, which has been read in your hearing and presented to me, with the feeling of deep gratitude to those who have expressed such friendly feelings towards me, but with a deep anxiety when I consider the intent and purport of the document. I am consoled by regarding it as in some degree a compact or covenant entered into to-night by you and those whom you represent with me, and those whom I may be supposed in some degree to represent, and that we covenant together that whatsoever is moral for us to do we engage to do in the prosecution of that great cause which has stirred the hearts of Glasgow to-day. I can do but little—any one man can do but little; but you in your vast numbers can do much; and, uniting with numbers not smaller in other parts of the kingdom, I have a strong sense that the day is fast approaching which will see the triumph of our cause. And I think he must be blind and foolish indeed who is not willing to admit that it is a great issue which is now submitted to the people of the United Kingdom. Gatherings of scores of thousands of men, extending from south to north, must have some great cause; men do not leave their daily labour, the necessary occupations of their lives, thus to meet unless they believe there is some great question submitted to them in which they have a deep and an overpowering interest. And the question is this—whether in future the government and the legislation of this country shall be conducted by a privileged class in a sham Parliament, or on the principles of the Constitution by the nation through its representatives fairly and freely chosen. Now, there are persons who will think that I am speaking harshly of the existing Parliament—some probably in this meeting might think that Mr. Beales was indiscriminate in the term which he used when he spoke of our representation being steeped in corruption; but I am certain that, if the representation of this country existed in any other country, and its details were explained to Englishmen, there are not five Englishmen within her bounds—or five Britons within the bounds of this island—who would not admit that the language we applied to the Parliament was correct. Now, what we charge against Parliament is this—that it is chosen from constituencies not only so small that they do not and cannot adequately represent the nation, but from constituencies so small as to be influenced by corruption, and by all kinds of motives that are neither national nor patriotic. In our boroughs, for example, the number for the most part are very small. There are, I think, 254 boroughs in the United Kingdom, but there are only fifty-four of them that possess a constituency of 2000 electors and upwards, and large and fair constituencies are indeed the exception. In Scotland your borough constituencies, though not generally very large, are larger than those in England, and to your honour it must be said that they are far more incorrupt than English constituencies. In the counties the freeholders, those who own land for cultivation, are constantly diminishing in numbers, and that portion of the constituencies which is not composed of freeholders is composed of tenant-farmers—the most dependent class of occupiers, probably, in the nation. But now let me point to one or two facts which should sink deep in the minds of all men. Out of every hundred grown men in the United Kingdom eighty-four have no votes. Those eighty-four might just as well, for all purposes of Constitutional government, so far as they are directly concerned—those eighty-four might as well live in Russia, where there is no electoral system of government, or in those other countries—now very few indeed—in which Parliaments and representation are unknown. It is the fact that only sixteen men out of every hundred have votes, it is also the fact that those sixteen are so arranged and so placed that the representation is in reality almost entirely destroyed. If the electors were fairly divided among all the members there would be nearly 2000 electors to every member. But what is the state of things? That one third of the House of Commons, or 220 members, are actually elected by 70,000 votes—that is to say, that 220 members of the House of Commons are chosen by a number of men scattered over the country who are fewer by almost one half than the number of grown men in this city of Glasgow alone. And, further, one half of the House of

Commons is chosen by about 180,000 electors, being only one seventh of the whole number of electors, and very much below the number of men who are to be found in the cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow. And, if we come to that great event which excites so much interest, but which is generally of so little value—a general election—we find, and believe, that not more than ten in one hundred—not more than 10 per cent of the whole grown-up male population of the United Kingdom—ever come to the poll and give their votes for the election of a new Parliament. Now, with regard to a general election, some of you have read and many of you know something of the cost and corruption of a general election. I will give you one instance and one proof of it. It has been my opinion all along that it was the duty of the Government of Earl Russell, after the defeat of their reform bill during the last Session, to have dissolved the Parliament. I have no reason to disbelieve what is asserted, that Earl Russell himself was of that opinion; but a general election had passed within the year, and another general election was a burden which members of Parliament did not wish to bear. I was speaking to a member of the Government on this question about the time when the resignation of the late Government was just about to be submitted to the Queen, and I was telling him that I thought the true policy—the constitutional policy of the Government—was to dissolve Parliament. A portion of his answer was this:—A member who sits on our side of the House had spoken to him about it; he said, "My election has already cost me £6000, and," he added, "I have, besides, £3000 more to pay." He said, further, what was very reasonable, that this was a heavy burden that was grievous to be borne; that it put him to exceeding inconvenience; and that, if the Parliament were dissolved, he could not afford to fight his county or his borough, as the case might be, but would be obliged to retire from the field and leave the contest, if there should be a contest, to some one else. You will believe, then, that the Government were greatly pressed by this consideration, and this consideration, added, it may be, to others, induced them to resign office rather than to dissolve Parliament. Thus you have a proof that, whereas general corruption and putridity are the destruction of most bodies which they affect, the corruption of the present Parliament was and is the cause of its present existence. Now, bear in mind that this state of things which I have been describing exists at the present moment—thirty-four years after the passing of the great Reform Bill. What the Government must have been before that bill was passed it is scarcely possible to describe or to imagine; but I have no doubt of this, that it was one of the worst Governments in civilised countries and in Europe, and I think this may be fairly argued from the fact of the incessant wars in which the country was engaged for 150 years before that reform, from the enormous debt that was created, from the crushing taxes that were fixed upon the people, and, worse almost than that, from that most infamous law which ever passed a Parliament of civilised men—the law which limited the supply of bread to the people. Now, if the Clerk of the House of Commons were placed at Temple Bar, and if he had orders to lay his hand upon the shoulder of every well-dressed and apparently clean-washed man who passed through that ancient bar until he had numbered 658, and if the Crown summoned those 658 to be the Parliament for the United Kingdom, my honest conviction is that you would have a better Parliament than now exists. Now, this assertion will stagger some timid and some good men; but let me explain myself to you. It would be a Parliament every member of which would have no direct constituency, but it would be a Parliament that would meet and act as a jury, that would take some heed of the facts and arguments laid before it. It would be free, at any rate, from the class prejudices which weigh upon the present House of Commons. It would be free from the overshadowing pressure of what are called noble families. It would owe no allegiance to great landowners, and, I hope, it would have fewer men among it seeking merely their own gains by entering Parliament. Why, with the Parliament which we have now and have had facts and arguments go for very little. Take that question to which I have referred, of limiting the supply of bread to the people. The corn law was on the statute-book for thirty-one years—sixteen years before the passing of the Reform Bill, and fifteen years after the passing of that bill; but from the first hour of its enfranchisement until the hour of its destruction the facts and arguments against it were equally clear and equally conclusive. They would not be convinced though one rose from the dead; and that which convinced them at last was the occurrence of a great famine in Ireland, which destroyed or drove from the country hundreds of thousands of the citizens of the empire. I maintain, with the most perfect conviction, that the House of Commons, representing as it now does counties and boroughs such as I have described, does not represent the intelligence and the justice of the nation, but the prejudices, the privileges, and the selfishness of a class. Now, what are the results of this system of legislation? Some of them have been touched upon in that address which has been so kindly presented to me. You refer to the laws affecting land. Are you aware of a fact which I saw stated the other day, in an essay on this subject, that half the land of England is in the possession of fewer than 150 men? Are you aware of the fact that half the land in Scotland is in the possession of not more than ten or twelve men? Are you aware of the fact that the monopoly in land in the United Kingdom is growing constantly more and more close, and the result of it is this—the gradual extirpation of the middle class as owners of land, and the constant degradation of the tillers of the soil? Take a matter about which many Scotch farmers know something—the perpetual grievance of the game laws. In the House of Commons that question can scarcely be discussed. The landed interest, as it did in the late cattle-plague debate, trample down Government, borough members, and everybody and everything that thwarts their inclination. Take the general—I am sorry to say the too general—subserviency of the tenant-farmers in the matter of elections. In your country, in Scotland, I entertain the hope that you will lead the way to the deliverance of the farmers from this slavery. In the last elections for Kincardineshire and for Aberdeenshire the tenant-farmers have taken the politics of those counties into their own hands. I hope and believe that the tenant-farmers of Scotland—the most enlightened agriculturists that live on the face of the earth—I hope they, with perfect deference and perfect courtesy to their landowners, will still exert their legitimate and right influence in the election of members for the counties in Scotland. But take what some of you cannot comprehend, take the helpless poverty of farm-labourers in the southern counties of England. I know not whether there has been much improvement in their condition for two or three centuries past. Their wages are very low; their helplessness is extreme; their power to deliver themselves, their power to combine, seems at the lowest ebb. Look at their ignorance. A friend of mine, a member of the House of Commons, who lives within six miles of the Royal town and castle of Windsor, told me only the other day that he knew the case of a family near his house in which there had grown up eleven children, not one of whom could read or write in the least degree, and he said that he had lately had in his employ upon his property seven men, of whom four could neither read nor write, two of them could read most imperfectly, and one of them could write about as well as the other two could read. Bear in mind that all this exists within six miles of the Royal castle of Windsor. It exists in a neighbourhood where lords and squires and established clergymen swarm. Such is the state of ignorance of that population at this moment. In the country from which I come, girls of the age of from fifteen to twenty-one are earning many of them, I believe, double the weekly wages of the able-bodied farm labourer—the head and father of a family—in some of the south-western counties of England. But what must be the ignorance of that population, with such wages offering to them in Lancashire and Yorkshire, that they scarcely hear of them; they seem to have no aspiration to better their condition, and there is no sensible emigration from these wretched counties to the more prosperous counties of the north. Your address refers to pauperism—the gulf of pauperism in the United Kingdom. At this moment there are more than 1,200,000 paupers. The pauperism of the United Kingdom last year—and it will not cost less this year—cost the ratepayers, those who pay taxes for the relief of the poor, more than £7,500,000 sterling, and this does not include many thousands of vagrants who also come occasionally under the name of paupers. Now look, I beg of you, to this mass of misery. It is so great a mass that benevolence cannot reach it; if benevolence could do it there would be no pauperism in England, for in no country, I believe, is there more benevolence than in the United Kingdom. The kindness of the women of England is beyond all measure and beyond all praise. There do not exist among created beings beneath angelic ranks those who are more kind and charitable than the women of the United Kingdom. But benevolence can touch scarcely the fringe of this vast disorder. There is another virtue we could add; and that virtue and that quality is justice. It is not benevolence but justice that can deal with giant evils. It was not benevolence that gave the people bread twenty years ago, but it was justice embodied in the abolition of a wicked and a guilty law. But justice is impossible from a class; it is most certain and easy from a nation; and I believe one can only reach the depths of ignorance, and misery, and crime in this country by an appeal to the justice, the intelligence, and the virtue of an entire people. That address has mentioned another question—the question of your national expenditure, of your Army and Navy. I will state only one fact with regard to the Navy. I believe since the great war—since 1815—that the Navy of this country has cost more than £400,000,000 sterling. I believe that during the last six years it has cost as much as the United States navy. During the same time we have been in a condition of profound peace; the United States have had to build or buy 600 ships, to man them, to furnish them with munitions of war, and to fight them during the greatest struggle that any nation ever waged; and yet at this moment, after spending so much, we have Sir John Pakington, the great reconstructor, coming into office and promising, not to extend the liberties of the people, but to reconstruct a navy on which such enormous and countless sums have already been sunk. Then take the taxes. Well, something has been done to make the taxes more equal; but take the taxes which are levied under the name of probate, and legacy, and succession duties, and I will give you a case which it is just possible you have before heard from my lips. A member of the House of Commons—at least he was when he gave me this fact, though, I am sorry to say, he is not one now—told me he had had left to him, by a person not related to him by blood, an estate in land worth

DEATH OF MR. CHARLES LUSHINGTON, LATE M.P. FOR WESTMINSTER.—We have to announce the death of a once prominent Liberal politician, Mr. Charles Lushington, a younger brother of the Right Hon. Stephen Lushington, D.C.L., Dean of the Arches Court and Judge of the Court of Admiralty. He was born in 1785, and was son of Sir Stephen Lushington, first Baronet, for a long time a director, and for several years chairman, of the East India Company, by Hester, daughter of Mr. John Boldero, of Appledon Hall, Hertfordshire. Early in life, like many others of this distinguished family, he entered the civil service of the East India Company, and closed his career as Secretary to the Government of Bengal. He was M.P. for Ashburton, 1833-41; for Westminster, 1847-52, advocating the most advanced views of the Radical school—abolition of religious endowments and of capital punishment, the ballot, triennial Parliaments, an extensive reform, and a substitution of property tax for income tax. He was no less constant in speaking than in voting for these measures. He married, first, in 1805, Sarah, daughter of Colonel Joseph Gascoyne (she died in 1839); secondly, 1844, Julia, widow of Mr. Thomas Teed, of Stanmore, Middlesex.



£21,000, the timber upon it was worth £11,000—altogether, £32,000. The tax when the property is left to a person who is not a relation of the man who leaves it is 10 per cent; the tax, therefore, on £32,000 would be £3,200, and if anyone of you received a legacy like that in cash, in shares, in ships, in stock-in-trade, in any of those things which are not lands and houses, he would pay £3,200; but my friend, receiving his legacy in land and the timber upon it, paid just £700; and why? For this reason only, that the law was made by a landlord and propertied Parliament, and the owners and inheritors of lands and houses were considered specially worthy of their regard. But I may be asked—and no doubt some man who, after this meeting, will take up his pen to write a criticism upon my speech before this meeting will ask—how comes it, if Parliament is so bad, that so many good things have been done by Parliament during the last thirty or forty years? I acknowledge that good things have been done, and I ought to know, because I have been concerned in the doing of some of them. But by whom were they done? Mainly by that force in Parliament which is sent there by the great and free borough constituencies of the kingdom. The members for the great towns, although but a minority, and not a very large minority, are the moving force by which these good things have been done. It has not been the policy of the Tories to do good things; and I have seen the time when the Whigs have been much less zealous about them than I could have wished them. They have sprung from the people, and the people have carried them. What there has been of real representation in Parliament has urged these measures forward; what there has been of sham representation has uniformly opposed these measures. Now, I am of opinion that the rich people of a country invested with power, and, speaking generally, of rich people alone, cannot sufficiently care for the multitude and the poor; they are personally kind enough, but they don't care for the people in the bulk; they have read a passage in Holy Writ that "the poor ye have always with you," and, therefore, they imagine that it is a providential arrangement that a small section of the people should be rich and powerful, and that the great mass of the people should be hardworking and poor. It is a long distance from castles and mansions, great houses which abound in luxuries, to the condition of the great mass of the people who have no property, and too many of whom are almost on the verge of poverty. We know very well, all of us, how much we are influenced by the immediate circumstances by which we are surrounded. The rich find everything just as they like—the country needs no reform; there is no country in the world so pleasant for rich people as this country; but I deny altogether that the rich alone are qualified to legislate for the poor, and, more than that, that the poor alone would be qualified to legislate for the rich. My honest belief is, that, if we could all be called upon to legislate for all, that all would be more justly treated and would be more happy than we are now. We should have then an average, we should have the influence of wealth and of high culture, and of those qualities that come from leisure, and the influence of those robust qualities that come from industry and from labour. Suppose, now, that, without arguing for this or that particular measure of reform, we could add another million to the existing constituencies, what would be the result? We should modify the constituencies; instead of the people coming to the hustings at the nomination and holding up their hand for this candidate or that—and having for the most part no power in the election—the inhabitants of the town would have a much greater power than they have now; the constituency would be less open to management than it is at the present; majorities on one side or the other would be larger and less open to corruption; and we should have members whose opinions and whose conduct would be modified by this infusion of new and fresh blood into the constituencies which send them to Parliament. We should do this further; we should bring the rich and the great into more close contact with the people, and into a better acquaintance with human wants, and with the necessities and feelings of their countrymen. What other thing would happen? I dare venture to assert this—that Parliament then would not revile and slander the people as it does now. Nor would it jeer with frantic violence when their countrymen are described in hideous and hateful colours; probably what I call the Botany Bay view of their countrymen would be got rid of, and we should have a sense of greater justice and generosity in the feelings with which they regard the bulk of the nation. And if there were more knowledge of the people there would assuredly be more sympathy with them; and I believe the legislation of the House, being more in accordance with the public sentiment, would be wiser and better in every respect. The nation would be changed. There would be among us a greater growth of everything that is good. I should like to ask if there are any ministers of religion in this audience. I have sometimes thought that I should like an audience of 4000 or 5000 of them, to whom I could preach a political sermon and to whom I could tell something which, I fear, their theological schools have failed to teach them. An eminent man of your country—the late Dr. Chalmers—in speaking of the question of free trade, and particularly of the struggle for the abolition of the corn laws, uttered these memorable words:—He said he thought there was nothing that would so tend to sweeten the breath of British society as the abolition of the corn laws. I believe, now, that there is nothing which would so tend to sweeten the breath of British society as the admission of a large and generous number of the working classes to citizenship and the exercise of the franchise. Now, if my words should reach the ears and reach the heart of any man who is interested in the advancement of religion in this country, I ask him to consider whether there are not great political obstacles to the extension of civilisation and morality and religion within the bounds of the United Kingdom. We believe these ministers, you and I. We believe in a supreme ruler of the universe. We believe in His omnipotence. We believe, and we humbly trust in His mercy. We know that the strongest argument which is used against that belief by those who reject it is an argument drawn from our misery and helplessness; and if that darkness could not be touched or transformed I myself should be driven to admit the almost overwhelming force of that great argument. But I am convinced that just laws and enlightened administration of them would change the face of this country. I believe that ignorance and suffering might be lessened to an incalculable extent, and that many an Eden, beauteous in flowers and profuse in fruit, might be raised up in the waste wilderness which spreads before us. But no class can do that; the class which has hitherto ruled in this country has failed miserably. It revels in power and wealth, while at its foot—a terrible peril for its future—lies a multitude which it has neglected. If a class has failed, that is our purpose; let us try the nation. That is our faith; that is our cry. Let us try the nation. This it is which has called together these countless numbers of the people to demand a change. And as I think of it, and of these gatherings, sublime in their vastness and their resolution, I think I discern, as it were, above the hilltops of time, the glimmering of the dawn of a better and a nobler day for the country and for the people that I love so well.

Mr. Bright then resumed his seat, having spoken for nearly an hour. The meeting was subsequently addressed by Mr. Graham, M.P., the proceedings being closed by a vote of thanks to the chairman.

**REFUSAL TO CONSECRATE A CEMETERY.**—A good deal of commotion has been caused in the town of Batley, near Dewsbury, by the refusal of the Lord Bishop of Ripon to consecrate a cemetery there, which has just been completed at a cost to the parish of £16,000. The Vicar of Batley, the Rev. Andrew Cassells, M.A., has had a dispute with the Batley burial board about the amount of fees to be charged for tombs and interments in the cemetery. The inhabitants decided that the Vicar's charges should be regulated by an ancient terrier, which fixes the fee for a monument or headstone at 3s. 4d.; whereas the Vicar has been charging from one to six guineas for every headstone erected. These charges the Vicar, supported by the Bishop, contends he has a right to transfer to the new cemetery. The burial board have taken counsel's opinion on the matter; and it is stated that the Vicar is only entitled by law and custom to charge the fee mentioned in the ancient terrier. The Bishop has peremptorily refused to consecrate the cemetery until the matter is settled; and the burial board, acting on behalf of the inhabitants, are going to apply for a mandamus to compel his Lordship to do so.

**TRADE UNION OUTRAGE AT NOTTINGHAM.**—On Monday night an outrage of a very serious character was committed at the house of Mr. Dalton, an eating-house keeper, in Parliament-street, Nottingham. For some time past a strike has existed in the building trades of the town, and the masters have been compelled to procure men from other parts of the kingdom. On the evening above stated a large body of the men on strike assembled in Parliament-street, round Dalton's shop, where some of the workmen recently brought into the town are lodging. Having watched the policeman off his beat, three of the ringleaders, with blackened faces, rushed into the shop and commenced a murderous attack upon the men. An old man, named Thirkettle, was beaten in a most brutal manner, and was afterwards conveyed to the General Hospital, where he now lies in a very precarious state. While the assault was being committed the landlady came in, and one of the men struck her a tremendous blow on the nose, which smashed it in a frightful manner. For some time she was insensible. Several of the other men are badly hurt. None of the miscreants have as yet been apprehended.

**THE DISPUTE IN THE IRON TRADE.**—About 2000 men assembled on the Marshes, Middlesbrough, on Monday, to discuss the propriety of returning to work at the proposed reduction of 10 per cent. They loitered about the ground for some time, and then stood in groups and talked. There were no leaders amongst them, and, after standing about for half an hour, they gradually dispersed. On their way back to the town they passed the offices of Messrs. Hopkins and, Mr. James Hopkins being at the door, some of them spoke to him. The result of a few minutes' conversation was that many of the men agreed to go back to work at the masters' terms. Steps were then taken for fitting and lighting up the furnaces. Most of the men who have agreed to return to work are underhanders, and they are all non-union men. It is thought that in the course of a day or two the whole of the mills in the district will be working. The public consider the struggle between labour and capital at an end, and think that it will be a very long time before there is another strike or dispute in Middlesbrough. Fourteen weeks have passed since the battle began, and during that time the suffering of the workmen's families has been frightful.

## Literature.

**Craddock Nowell.** A Tale of the New Forest. By RICHARD DODDRIDGE BLACKMORE, Author of "Clara Vaughan." Three vols. London: Chapman and Hall.

This novel, even though it may have been looked at from month to month in *Macmillan*, is well worth reading with deliberate attention in its present form, which includes a very pleasant new shade of green for the binding. But Mr. Blackmore, as a contributor has hinted in another column, has made his book very hard reading by sprinkling the pages with the strangest "lexicon words" he could possibly find. In ordinary English dictionaries the majority of them will be looked for in vain, but they may be found in the English-German half of German dictionaries, where, as is well known, the compilers carefully give all such English words as nobody ever wants in the whole course of his natural life, unless he happens to read "Craddock Nowell." The general reader will wonder what are "railway Baguli," "London Allantopole." What is the "stigmotype of a man's position"? What is the "bidental of his destiny"? What is a "Sophistic Apory"? What is a "chironax"? What is a "trito-megistic blow"? And though the sentence we are going to quote is admitted by the author himself to be a nut to crack, it is not so very much worse than some of the others that it is unfair to exhibit it:—

A PONS ASINORUM.

All of us who have a home (and unless we leave our hearts there whenever we go away we have no home at all), all of us who have a hole in this shifting, sandy world—the sand as of an hour-glass, but whence we have spun such a rope as the devil can neither make nor break—I mean to say, we, all who love, without any hems and haws and rubbish, those who are only our future tense (formed from the present by adding "so") all of us who are lucky enough, I believe we may say good enough, to want no temporal argument from the prefix of society, only to cling upon the tree to the second arriet of our children, wherein the root of the man lurks, the grand indefinite so anomalous; all these fellows will be glad to hear that Rufus Hutton had a jolly ride.

It is impossible not to feel a deep respect for Mr. Blackmore, who has great abilities, and we should judge a soul (as well as a heart) which he has the eccentricity to put into his writings (may he do it again!); and we are loth to dwell upon these matters, but we are desirous to be understood as speaking strongly of them for this reason: Mr. Blackmore's writing has a flow of animal spirits, and, altogether, an insurgence of plentifulness (good heavens! we have caught his manner), which speak of young or youthful-mature blood, so that the author is not too old to take the hint which he will doubtless receive from a hundred quarters about his astonishing dictionary tricks of style.

The plot of the book is good, although the opening is commonplace, turning upon the birth of twin brothers, who get confounded, so that the younger is jerked into the place of the elder. The blue rosette which was fixed upon the babe who was the heir falls off, and then the nurse, opining that the youngest would be the lightest, weighs the two infants, and so the decision is made! This reminds us of an incident in one of the Christmas numbers of "All the Year Round," in which two babies, born the same night of different mothers, get changed, and the stewardess settles the question of which to which by weighing both, and handing the heaviest child to the biggest mother—a very unphysiological proceeding, however; for it is well known that the largest ladies do not have the finest children. In Mr. Blackmore's story we cannot find that he has conscientiously worked out and carried on the characters of the twins, Clayton and Craddock Nowell, or that he has made his plot (in itself a clever one) move smoothly; but the episodes are very ingeniously managed and told with great vivacity. The murder, also, is admirably contrived. But the descriptions are, almost without exception, overdrawn. This, however, arises in part from the author having so much to say—so that the superfluity of idea has little solution of continuity, and the luculence of the narrative undergoes obfuscation. We beg pardon—we can't do it as Mr. Blackmore can; but the kind reader will perceive that we have caught his complaint, and are "taken bad" even while writing about his book.

The fact is, Mr. Blackmore is by nature a caricaturist, with a great deal of childlike simplicity about him; and we doubt his ever writing an ordinary novel with success. We believe he is irrepressible; and would rather see him working at stories in which he would be wholly unfettered. But we very much like him, and when the worst is said, his book is full of noble thoughts, powerful description, happy touches of animal spirits, and kindly humour.

**Artemus Ward Among the Fenians, with the Showman's Observations upon Life in Washington and Military Ardour in Baldinsville.** London: J. C. HOTTEN.

The British public are now, or ought to be, pretty familiar with the name and writings of the great American humourist who conceals his personal identity under the pseudonym of "Artemus Ward." Mr. Ward's papers in *Punch* must have added considerably to the reputation and popularity he previously enjoyed, for they are really excellent, and exhibit all the best characteristics of the author's mind. In the little volume now before us the principal paper is devoted to the Fenians, and is well deserving of perusal. The leaders of these gentry, it seems, are still blustering about what they will do in the way of invading Canada, and through that means in liberating Ireland and humbling English pride. Such being the case, Mr. Ward's advice to the Fenian rank and file is as appropriate as the terms in which it is conveyed are witty and redolent of humour and fun. We therefore quote the passage *in extenso*. Having been induced to attend a Fenian meeting in his own town, Artemus thus describes the proceedings:—

The speeches was red hot agin England and her iron heel, and it was resolved to free Ireland at once. But it was much desirable before freein' her that a large quantity of funds should be raised; and, like the generous souls as they was, funds was lib'rally contributed. Then arose an excitin' discussion as to which head center they should send 'em to—O Mahony or McRoberts. There was grate excitement over this, but it was finally resolved to send half to one and half to t'other.

Then Mr. Finnigun rose and said, "We have here to-night sum citizens of American birth, from whom we should be glad to hear. It would fill our hearts with speechless joy to hear from a man whose name towers high in the zoological and wax-finger world—from whose peary lips"

Says I, "Go slow, Finny; go slow!"

"We wish to hear," continued Mr. Finnegan, moderatin' his stile summat, "from our townsman, Mr. Ward."

I beg'd to be declined, but it wadn't no use. I rose amid a perfect uproar of applause.

I said we had convened there in a meetin', as I understood it, or rather in a body as it were, in ref'rence to Ireland. If I knew my own heart, every one of us there, both grate and small, had an impulse flowin' in his bosom, "and consequentially," I added, we "will stick to it similar and in accordance therewith, as long as a spark of manhood, or the peple at large. That's the kind of man I be!"

Squire Thaxter interrupted me. The Squire feels the wrongs of Ireland deeply, on account of havin' onct courted the widdier of a Irish gentleman who had lingered in a loathsum dunjin in Dublin, placed there by an English tavern-keeper who despotically wanted him to pay for a quantity of chaps and beer he had consoum'd. Besides, the Squire wants to be re-elected justice of the peace. "Mr. Ward," he said, "you've bin drinkin'."

You're under the influence of licker, Sir!

Says I, "Squire, not a drop of good licker has passed my lips in fifteen years."

[Cries of "Oh, here now, that wotd do!"]

"It is true," I said. "Not a drop of good licker has passed my lips in all that time. I don't let it pass 'em, I reach for it while it's goin' by!" says I.

"Squire, harness me sum more!"

"I beg pardon," said the Squire, "for the remark; you are sober, but what on airth are you drivin' at?"

"Yes," I said, "that's just it. That's what I've bin axin' myself durin' the entire evenin'. What is this grate meetin' drivin' at? What's all the grate Fenian meetins drivin' at all over the country?"

"My Irish frens, you know me well enuff to know that I didn't come here to disturb this meetin'. Nobody but a loafer will disturb any kind of a meetin'. And if you'll notice it, them as are up to this sort of thing allers come to a bad end. There was a young man—I will not mention his name—who disturb'd my show in a certain town, two years ago, by makin' remarks disrepectful of my animals, accompanied by a allousin' to the front part of my bed, which, as you see, it is laid—saying, 'says this young man, 'You sandpaper it too much, but you've got a beautiful head of hair in the back of your neck, old man.' This made a few ligit and low-mindid

persons larf; but what was the fate of that young man? In less than a month his aunt died and left him a farm in Oxford county, Maine! The human mind can pictur' no grater misfortin than this.

"No, my Irish frens, I am here as your naber and fren. I know you are honest in this Fenian matter."

"But let us look at them Ben Centers. Let us look at them rip-roarin' orators in New York, who've bin tearin' round for up'ards a year, swearin' Ireland shall be free!"

"There's a two parties—O'McMahoneys and McRoberts. One thinks the best way is to go over to Canada and establish a Irish Republic there, kindly permittin' the Canadians to pay the expenses of that sweet Boon; and the other wants to sail direct for Dublin Bay, where young McRoy and his fair young bride went down and was drowned, accordin' to a ballad I onct heard. But there's one pint on which both sides agree—that's the Fans. They're willin', them chaps in New York, to receive all the Fans you'll send 'em. You send a puss to-night to Mahony, and another puss to Roberts. Both will receive 'em. You bet. And with other pusses it will be sim'lar."

"I went into Mr. Delmonico's eatin'-house the other night, and I saw my fren Mr. Terence McFadden, who is a clement and enterprising deputy Centre. He was sittin' at a table, eatin' a canvass-back duck. 'Poultry of that kind, as you know, is rather high just now. I think about five dollars per Poult. And a bottle of green seal stood before him."

"How are you, Mr. McFadden?" I said.

"Oh, Mr. Ward! I am miserable—miserable! The wrongs we Irishmen suffer! Oh, Ireland! Will a true history of your sufferins ever be written? Must we be forever ground under by the iron heel of d-spotic Briton? But, Mr. Ward, won't you eat suthin'?"

"Well," I said, "if there's another canvass-back and a spare bottle of that green seal in the house, I wouldn't mind jinin' you in bein' ground under by Briton's iron heel."

"Green turtle soup first?" he said.

"Well, yes. If I'm to share the wrongs of Ireland with you, I don't care if I do hav' a bowl of soup. Put a bean into it," I said to the waiter. "It will remind me of my childhood days, when we had 'em baked in conjunction with pork every Sunday mornin', and then all went to the village church and had a refreshin' nap in the fam'ly pew."

Mr. McFadden, who was sufferin' so thurly for Ireland, was of the Mahony wing. I've no doubt that some ekally patriotic member of the Roberts wing was sufferin' in the same way over to the Mason-Dory eatin'-house.

"They say, feller citizens, soon you will see a blow struck for Irish liberty! We hain't seen nothin' but a Blow, so far—it's bin all blow, and the blowers in New York won't git out of Belluses as long as our Irish frens in the rooral districts send 'em money."

"Let the Green float above the red, if that'll make it feel any better, but don't you be the Green. Don't never go into anything till you know whereabouts you're goin' to."

"This is a very good country here where you are. You Irish hav' enjoyed our boons, held your share in our offices, and you certainly hav' done your share of our votin'. Then why this hullabaloo about freein' Ireland? You do your frens in Ireland a great injury, too; because they b'lieve you're comin' souse enuff, and they fly off the handle and git into jail. My Irish frens, ponder these things a little. 'Zamine 'em closely, and above all find out where the pusses go to."

I sot down. There was no applaus, but they listened to me kindly. They know'd I was honest, however wrong I might be; and they know'd, too, that there was no peple on arth whose generosity and gallantry I had a higher respect for than the Irish, except when they fly off the handle. So my feller citizens let me toot my horn.

But Squire Thaxter put his hand onto my hed and said, in a mournful tone of vois, "Mr. Ward, your mind is fallin'. Your intellect totters! You are only about sixty years of age, yet you will soon be a drivellin' dotard and hav' no control over yourself."

"I have no control over my arms now," I replied, drivin' my elbows suddenly into the Squire's stomach, which caused that corpulent magistrate to fall faintly off the stage into the fiddlers' box, where he stuck his vener ble hed into a base drum, and stated "Murder" twice, in a very loud vois.

That last touch, where Squire Thaxter is so neatly disposed of, is inimitable, and worth the whole cost of the book. The other papers in the volume, though good, are now somewhat out of date.

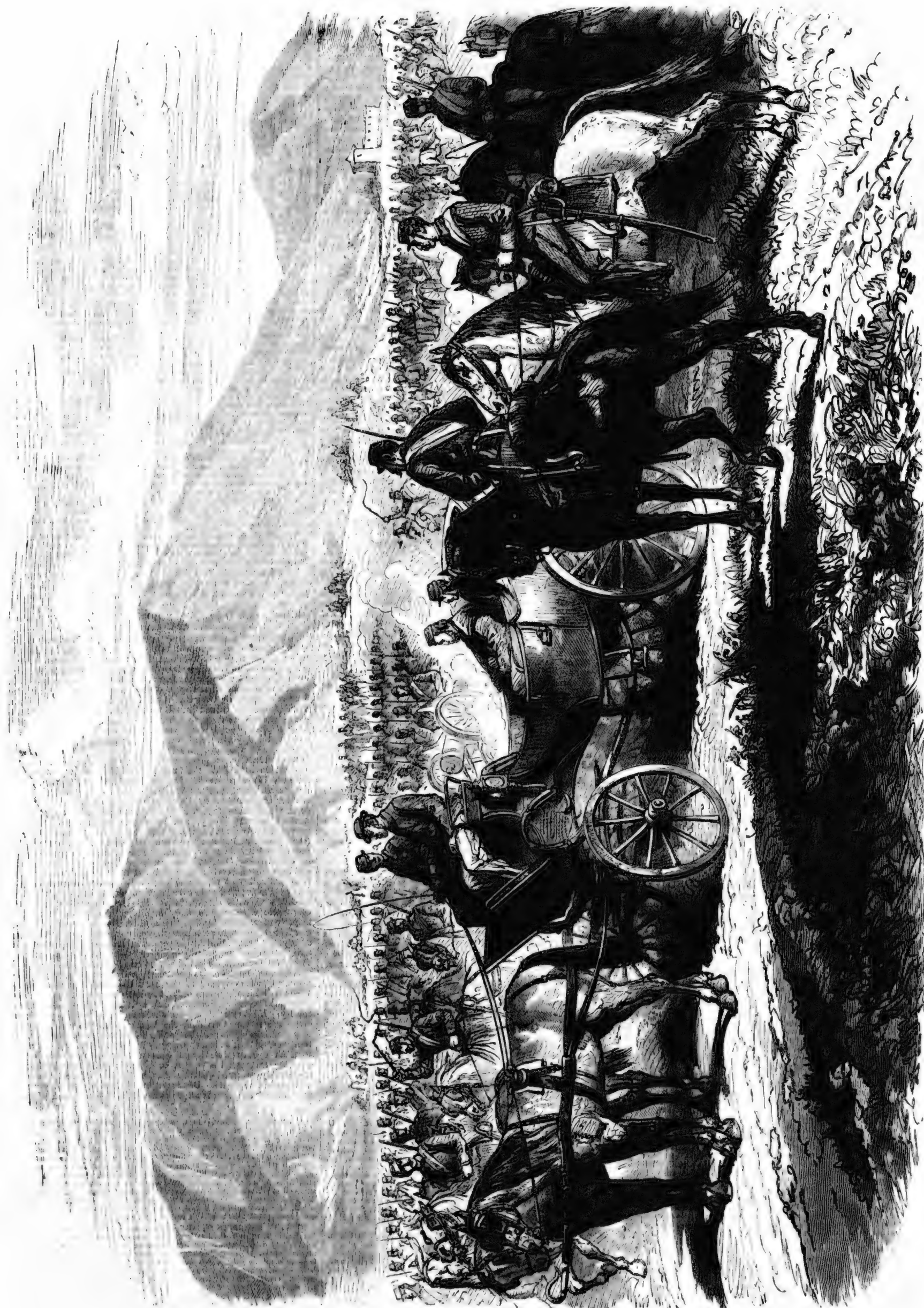
**Wealth and Welfare.** By JEREMIAH GOTTHELF. Two volumes. London and New York: Alexander Strahan.

In a country so renowned for manufactures as England, nobody would dream of saying one disrepectful word against Birmingham. But yet—the phrase goes—we have "Brummagen" wares. Everybody knows a Brummagen D'Orsay; and, in politics, oddly enough, even Brummagen Brights have, of late, been not uncommon. The weak imitation of what is good obtains everywhere. General Peel, following Lords De Grey and Hartington, must be careful that our Enfields are not turned into Brummagen needle-guns; and it becomes the critic's duty to see that the national literature should be at all events good, if not very original. "Wealth and Welfare" is unmistakably a Birmingham copy of a German or Swiss-German original, and a copy of a very weak original. Jeremiah Gotthelf has not flown for inspiration to the pages of Wilhelm Meister, but has chosen to imitate the long and dull domestic chronicles of ordinary German novels. Six hundred handsomely-printed pages are wasted over next-to-nothing of a little story which Jean Paul Richter or Bernardin St. Pierre would have dashed forth in a duodecimo and made famous. The love-making of Mary Anne and Andrew is very pretty, and its course of true love faithful to nature all over the world. The characters of the elder people (the younger have none) are all well drawn—greedy or lavish, ostentatious or plain. The pictures drawn of life in the Bernese Oberland are good, because they seem truthful, and take the untravelled English mind to fresh woods and pastures new; and, without further enumeration, we may say that there are many other good features calculated to please and do good to the reader in "Wealth and Welfare." But there is something to spoil the whole effect. The story begins with a happy and highly-respected farmhouse family, and a difference between the husband and wife. Through petulance they discontinue their good custom of saying "Our Father" together, and then everything goes wrong, until a sermon from "the minister" sets matters right again. From that moment the reader has no rest from the minister. From that moment he is always preaching; and it is very annoying for a reader to find everybody in the book becoming better and better, whilst he himself remains only more and more bored. Mr. Gotthelf gives good lessons in favour of, and against, charity—indiscriminate charity. He does not give the surnames of any of his people, but calls them Annie, Christian, the farmer, the farmeress, as the case may be. He describes the people in what we suppose to be the Bernese Oberland as intent on early and hastily-formed marriages, with an eye to worldly gain, as well as to suitability of age, affection, &c. All his people, both sexes, young and old, frequent the thickly-clustered public-houses, and dance at local Cremornes with perfect strangers. Before putting their horses to, they "bruisse their oats;" and that is all we gather from "Wealth and Welfare."

**A SPURGEON STORY.**—At a meeting in connection with the Baptist Union, last week, Mr. Spurgeon told the following story:—"A Yorkshireman, excusing himself for not attending church in the evening, said he never went at nights because he could not stand it more than once a day; and when asked why, he said, 'Well, our minister is a muf, and compared him to a mill, which, going round on Sundays without any corn to grind, went clickety clack, clickety clack. Their minister, he said, had got into such a way of going on that he could not stop himself until the time was up, and so he went on clickety clack, clickety clack. 'You know,' the Yorkshireman said, 'he ain't a grinding anything; there is nothing in it at all. He has got in the habit of going on, and he does go on, but nothing comes of it; and that is what I call being a muf.'"

**SCENE IN LEICESTER-SQUARE.**—The remarks and suggested "designs for Leicester-square statues" by our contemporary *Punch* have been followed by an attempt to render the leaden statue of George II. additionally ludicrous. During Tuesday night some person or persons entered the inclosure armed with a pot and brush, with which the horse was covered with black spots—the entire head and tail being coated with the same colour. On the head of "his Majesty" was placed a huge hat—extinguisher pattern—and the ears of the animals were enveloped in a kind of horn, the points being particularly pointed. At the side of the statue where the arm is missing a long spear or lance pole has been fixed to the leg of the Royal equestrian, and in the place of the blade there is the head of a birch broom. The arms of his Majesty, which surround the pedestal beneath have been painted red, whilst the initials "A.D.G." on each side have been brought out in bold relief. Altogether the figure occasioned much amusement. Every now and then a number of boys would climb the railings and run across the square, and dance and sing in front of the statue with apparent delight. In the course of Wednesday morning an attempt was made to thrust a pipe into his Majesty's mouth, but without effect. Since the removal of Wylde's Great Globe the miserable condition of the square and the statue has been the subject of great complaint, but the worst has now probably been reached.





GARIBALDI REVIEWING VOLUNTEERS BEFORE LEAVING BRESCIA.



## THE INUNDATIONS AT TOURNAINE.

We have already published some particulars of the calamitous effects of the floods in France, and our Engraving this week represents one of the scenes of those ravages which have produced such distress in the district of Tournaine.

From the banks of the Loire at Tours the great bank or dyke of Conneuil has given way, in spite of the unremitting efforts of 300 civil and military workmen, who continued their uninterrupted work for two days, without at last being able to prevent the water from bursting in with a violence which left them quite hopeless of staying its further course. It first began to permeate the earth, and then suddenly broke through in a complete fountain and a rush which bore down the bank before it, and gave a free passage to the still rising flood of the river. This catastrophe having happened, the entire valley, from Mont Louis to the canal, was invaded in a few hours, and the warren, which had just before been so blooming and verdant, was hidden under a sheet of water above 6 ft. in depth.

The efforts to stay the inundation were continued by operating on the canal, which may be said to have been the last rampart against the invading enemy. The bank of Roche Pinart was cut in two places in order to facilitate the outflow of the waves of the Loire into the Cher, so that the town might be preserved. Nothing can exceed the scene of desolation presented by the two communes of Ville aux Dames and Saint Pierre les Corps, and the despair of their inhabitants, who, taking refuge on the heights, anxiously awaited the cessation of the flood, which had already nearly ruined them.

Having been warned on the first appearance of danger, they had been able to save their own lives, but only by abandoning to the waters the greater part of their harvests and leaving their houses and domestic goods to possible recovery after the waters had subsided.

The panic at Tours was considerable. At the time that intelligence of the breaking down of the bank at Conneuil reached the town more than 5000 persons were stationed on the quays, and these, mistaking the word *Conneuil* for *canal*, were seized with sudden terror, believing that the waters would sweep down upon the town itself and destroy it. The crowd rushed pell-mell towards the Place Foiré-le-



GIOVANNI PRATI, THE ITALIAN POET LAUREATE.

Roi, the Rue des Amandiers, and the Rue Colbert, and in all the streets and the adjoining quays houses and shops were rapidly closed, as everybody prepared for immediate flight. After some minutes

the panic was mitigated, for it was discovered that the danger, though great, was less than had been supposed. A soldier of the 1st Lancers became a victim to his devoted efforts to help others, for, occupying a boat with two other persons who were making their way to render assistance to some of the inhabitants of the Ville aux Dames, whose house had been surrounded with water, the little vessel was upset in a cross current, and he was drowned, his companions being picked up by another boat, the occupants of which were nearly lost in the attempt to gain the bank, where it was caught between two trees and had to withstand the violent rush of the water.

## GIOVANNI PRATI.

We this week publish the portrait of a writer who, though his works are at present little known in England, has already made for himself a great reputation in Italy. Giovanni Prati, who is at present on a visit to Paris, is, in fact, no less a personage than Poet Laureate to King Victor Emmanuel, and has been received with honour by the Emperor and Empress at St. Cloud, as well as by Princess Clotilde at Meudon. The French political and literary notabilities have also done the honours of their gay capital on his behalf, and he will soon be better known to the public of Paris. Giovanni Prati was born in 1815, at the little village of Dasindo, in the Trentin, and, notwithstanding a patrician origin, he seems very early to have exhibited liberal instincts. His time was divided between field sports and reading poetry, occupations which would appear in his case to have been attended with happy results. His first work, "Edmenegarda," gave evidence of his genius and at once established his fame. Ten volumes of his compositions have already been published, consisting of lyric poems, ballads, and popular songs, the last work being "Armando;" but he has written much more than has yet appeared. A song of his, entitled "After the War," has just appeared at Padua, and Italy is promised from his pen a translation of Virgil, at which he has been working for the last eight years. It is declared by his admirers that what Uhland and Schiller were to Germany, Byron and Moore to England, and Lamartine and Hugo to France, Prati is to Italy.



THE INUNDATIONS IN FRANCE: BURSTING OF THE DYKE AT CONNEUIL, NEAR TOURS.

his songs conveying a varied and faithful translation of the popular sentiments, and augmenting that fervid patriotism and devoted loyalty which have lately been so greatly developed.

Prati, besides having been nominated Poet Laureate, is a member of the superior council of public education, and has received numerous honourable distinctions from foreign Courts. But he

prides himself most on his pure Italian descent, and on the concentration of his interests upon the country which gave him birth.



ACCIDENT TO A PRUSSIAN MILITARY TRAIN ON THE MORAVIAN FRONTIER.



## GARIBALDI REVIEWING THE VOLUNTEERS AT BRESCIA.

WE have already published several Engravings of the progress of the Garibaldian volunteers in the late war in Venetia, and our Illustration this week represents the final scene of that enterprise which, although it has added few honours to the career of the great Italian patriot, has, if possible, increased the love and respect in which he is held, not only by his countrymen, but by all the advocates of freedom in Europe.

Nothing can exceed the single-minded honesty of purpose, the purity of soul, which have been displayed by Garibaldi in the recent campaign, during which he sought neither honour nor glory apart from the line men of the humblest duty; and, when he left Brescia and the war was over, no weak regrets or unappeased ambitions marred the truly noble patience which he displayed. Others may have believed, and believed justly, that the man who had done so much for Italy was worthy of more complete recognition on the part of the Sovereign for whom he had won a crown; but Garibaldi himself seems to be above the petty self-consciousness, and even above the worthier ambitions, which influence most leaders of the people. Almost his last act, as he sat worn and wounded in the carriage which was to bear him away from the scene of what might have been the battlefield of that Italian liberty happily concluded by more pacific measures, was to pass in review those volunteers on whom he has so fully relied, and between whom and himself there is a deeper feeling than any that can be comprised in the mere relation of a General, however successful, to soldiers, however brave. Our Engraving is taken from a sketch made on the spot by an Italian artist who was present on the occasion.

## ACCIDENT TO A MILITARY TRAIN CARRYING PRUSSIAN TROOPS.

AMIDST all the particulars which have reached us of the jubilation at Berlin during the triumphal entry and the fêtes which accompanied and followed it, there come tidings of one of those terrible calamities which so often cast a shadow upon such brilliant ceremonies and mar the festivities of great national spectacles.

One of the regiments which had been summoned to take a part in the vast military demonstration was on its way in a special train from the place where it had been quartered beyond the Moravian frontier, and was making the journey by night, when, by some unexplained accident, the engine ran off the line at Ostrau, and was followed by the carriages of the entire train. So terrible were the injuries received by many of the men, several of whom were killed, that the journey could not be resumed until the following day. Few of those who joined in the pageant knew anything of the affair; but when the intelligence reached Berlin a profound sensation was produced, and public sympathy was generally expressed for the poor fellows who, after having escaped the dangers of war, were killed and maimed on their way to partake of those congratulations which awaited them and their comrades.

## THE OPERA.

OPERA, or what passes for it, has for a time taken refuge at Drury Lane, where, on Saturday last, after a performance of "Macbeth," the popular musical drama in which the hero is a thief and the heroine the daughter of a receiver of stolen goods was produced. After all that has been said and done for English opera, the result is that our national operatic repertoire consists of two works—"The Beggars' Opera" and "The Bohemian Girl." Of these two productions the latter bears much more resemblance to an opera, in the true sense of the word—that is to say, an *opéra muscled*, or work in music—than the former; "The Beggars' Opera" being, in fact, nothing more than a comic or semi-burlesque drama, interspersed with songs, of which the music is borrowed from a variety of sources. But for those numerous connoisseurs who are only prepared to give their approbation to the operatic form on condition that the words of an opera are never in any manner sacrificed to the music, the celebrated piece in which Captain Macheath figures as primo tenore, Polly Peachum as soprano, and Lucy Lockit as contralto, must be perfection. In all cases in which music is "married to immortal verse," one or other of the parties united must end by obtaining a mastery; and in the present day it would be easier, no doubt, for the words of "The Beggars' Opera" to live without the music than for the music to exist without the words. This does not alter the fact that the songs and duets introduced so abundantly into the drama in question are full of melody, and that they need only to be well sung to delight the audiences of the present century almost as much as they are known to have done those of the last. On Saturday evening ample justice was done to them by Mr. W. H. Harrison, who, after an absence of two years from the stage, made his reappearance as Captain Macheath; Miss Jenny Bauer, who undertook the part of Polly; and Miss Poole, who represented Lucy. No singer was ever more warmly welcomed than Mr. W. H. Harrison, when he stepped on the stage as the gallant though thievish Captain. His first solo was encored. He was called upon to repeat the ever popular air, "How happy could I be with either," and no opportunity occurred for applauding his spirited performance of which the audience did not hasten to take advantage. Miss Jenny Bauer, who, since her first appearance in London as the heroine in the English version of Meyerbeer's "Etoile du Nord," has repeatedly proved herself a vocalist of great attainments, sang the airs allotted to Polly very charmingly; and it need hardly be said that Miss Poole (one of our very best ballad singers) distinguished herself, as she always does, in the music given to Lucy. In short, the three principal parts were most efficiently filled. The minor characters, on whose vocal powers no great demands are made, were also satisfactorily represented.

The orchestra did its duty creditably enough, but the part assigned to it by the composers and arrangers of "The Beggars' Opera" is necessarily not very brilliant. If a varied and sonorous system of orchestration has, as some writers pretend, a demoralising effect on the musical mind, we are, all of us, by this time thoroughly demoralised, and, being used to dulcimers, sackbuts, psalteries, and all kinds of musical instruments, cannot help finding accompaniments, in which violins and other members of the great violin family are almost exclusively employed, a little varied and monotonous.

The rehearsals for the Norwich Festival have been going on for some time, under the direction of Mr. Benedict, whose "St. Cecilia" will be the great novelty of the festival; and Mr. Costa, whose "Naaman" forms one of the principal features in the general programme.

LANCASHIRE FACTORY OPERATIVES.—Operatives employed in every branch of the cotton manufacture in Lancashire have now their separate trade union. An adjourned meeting of deputies from the various societies of the twisters and drawers-in, forming an "amalgamated association," has been held at Hoghton, midway between Preston and Blackburn, to devise the best means of securing a uniformity of wages throughout the whole of the country. The delegates showed that no class of factory operatives were so irregularly paid as the twisters and drawers-in; for, while in Manchester and most other towns in South Lancashire the price paid was from 6½d. to 7½d. per thousand ends, in Preston, Blackburn, Accrington, &c., the price ranged from 4½d. to 5½d. only. The delegates resolved to bring the matter before their several unions, with a view to taking steps for securing a uniformity of price; and, in the mean time, the men employed in Preston, as that was stated to be the lowest-paid district, are to memorialise their employers for an advance.

MUTINY IN A PENITENTIARY AND LOSS OF LIFE.—A number of youths confined in a penitentiary on Levant Island, near Toulon, mutinied, because they were not allowed to have more recreation and to smoke. The young ruffians attacked and overpowered the warders, and seized the director of the establishment and thrust him into a cell. After this preliminary step the mutineers plundered the stores of the establishment and set fire to large quantities of petroleum and other inflammable materials which they found in the cellars. A coastguard signalman succeeded in rescuing the director, but at the risk of his own life, for he was caught by the convicts, who revenged themselves by casting him into a deep ditch, where he lay for a long time with a broken leg. By the prompt assistance of the governor and the warders the majority were saved, but fourteen were burnt to death while screaming and swearing through the red-hot bars of their prison window. Another statement is that the fourteen lads who lost their lives were shut up and burnt intentionally by their comrades.

## MR. SNIDER AND GOVERNMENT.

THE City article of the *Times* of Wednesday contained the following statement:—

On the 19th ult. an extract was given from a communication which had appeared in the *Engineer* stating that Mr. Snider, the inventor of the breech-loader of that name, was lying helpless and paralysed, and that he had "not been able to obtain one penny from the just, and honourable, and beneficent Government of this great country," although his invention has been accepted by them and is being applied to the conversion of the Enfield rifle as fast as existing arrangements will permit. The taunting tone of the statement was not such as to invite entire reliance upon its accuracy, and a belief was expressed that it was one of those highly-coloured pictures likely to be dispated upon inquiry. But, however questionable may have been the style in which it was conveyed—and for which Mr. Snider is not answerable—there is reason to fear the charge is not without foundation. So far back as 1859 Mr. Snider, it appears, presented the Storm system of breech-loading to the English Government, and was called on to convert two Enfields upon that plan. Subsequently it was suggested the ammunition should be made up with Government powder and bullet; and, Mr. Snider having declined and received these articles, the trials duly proceeded before the Ordnance Committee. A demand was then made upon him for the sum of £1 1s. 2d. for the material thus furnished, and it is affirmed that the Government actually sued him and obtained judgment against him for that amount. At that time his experiments occupied about eighteen months. Early in 1861 he went to the Continent to pursue his researches into the best system of breech-loading. In 1863 he returned to England and first exhibited a model of a gun which formed the basis of his present invention. He was assured that the Government would never consent to look at a system of breech-loading carrying its own ignition; but the scientific persons having the subject in charge slowly met his views, and, after eight years of labour and heavy expenditure, he had the satisfaction to see his system practically successful, and adopted by the State. But the further pecuniary and painful part of the history is described to be as follows:—In June last he addressed Lord Hartington, the then Secretary for War, saying he thought the time had now come when he should be informed how he was to be dealt with. The reply was that his claim must be considered under three heads—1, reimbursement for expenses; 2, compensation for services while employed in the department; and 3, reward for the invention; and it was added that the first two points could be speedily settled without waiting for the third. Mr. Snider accordingly named £2700 as the sum due to him for expenditure and services, whereupon he was notified that the matter had been left entirely in the hands of Mr. Clode, the Government Solicitor for War, and that his decision was to give £1000, and no more. Harassed by creditors for debts incurred during his long and costly proceedings, and at the same time helpless from sickness, and being told that if he did not accept what was offered and give an acquittance in full he would get nothing, Mr. Snider, about a fortnight back, consented, by the advice of friends, to take the amount, the whole of which went immediately to creditors, not one farthing finding its way to his own hands. The only mitigation of the story is that it is understood he has been informed that when he shall be well enough to present himself at the War Office the matter will be reconsidered and a more fitting allowance made. Such are the facts as they have been conveyed in answer to inquiries, but there may be some minor inaccuracies in them, as Mr. Snider, in his helpless condition, is unable fully to state his own case. Not infrequently the sorrows of inventors are traceable to their own improvidence or unfitness for business, and also to the inevitable operation of the patent laws; but in this instance there is nothing on the surface to lead to any such assumption. Apart from his labours on the Continent, Mr. Snider was, it is believed, incessantly engaged for eight months in the service of the department of Woolwich; and, looking at the expenses of his previous models, drawings, &c., his charge of £2700 for actual time and outlay will strike most persons as extremely moderate; while the arbitrary cutting down of such an item to £1000 is sufficient to account for the existence of great pecuniary distress. In all countries where patents are conferred the Governments have the legal power to use such inventions free of cost; but this is merely for self-protection, and can never be properly pleaded as a bar to a liberal acknowledgment for benefits conferred. Mr. Snider asserts that, in accordance with a promise he originally gave, he has always faithfully resisted inducements and offers held out to him by other Governments to furnish them with a copy of his gun; and, in the absence of explanation, the treatment he has received seems calculated on every ground to arouse a feeling which will not be allayed until, upon a statement of the precise merits of the case, justice shall have been fully satisfied.

A LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENT from Leipzig runs thus:—"Our readers will be obliged to us for drawing their attention to some Sanscrit works which will shortly appear. We have not read the books ourselves, but, if their contents are as interesting as their titles, their perusal must be the acme of delight. Their titles are:—'Swapantashakshayimhamatrasatvota,' 'Trigunatmikakalikastotra,' 'Upangalalitavratodyapana,' 'Sankarchat-techathatvadyapana,' and 'Anantashatvadyapana.'"

DEATH OF THE DEAN OF NORWICH.—The Hon. and Very Rev. George Pellet, Dean of Norwich, died at Great Chart Rectory, Kent, on Saturday last, after some months of failing health. The deceased Dean was the third son of Admiral Sir Edward Pellet, afterwards Viscount Exmouth, and was born at Tregony, in Cornwall, in 1793. Educated at Eton, and Corpus Christi College, Oxford (B.A. 1815; M.A. 1818; D.D. 1823), he received holy orders in 1817, and in 1823 became a Canon of Canterbury, where he resided until his appointment to the deanery of Norwich, in 1829. He was an accomplished scholar, and published, among other works, "The Life of Lord Sidmouth," and several volumes of sermons. In 1820 he married the Hon. Frances Addington, second daughter of the first Viscount Sidmouth, who survives him. The Dean leaves one son, Mr. Henry E. Pellet, well known as an active member in all Church movements; and three daughters—Viscountess Sidmouth, Mrs. Ogle, and Mrs. Arkwright.

THE BRISTOL AND CLIFTON AND CHELTENHAM LIFE-BOATS.—Last week pleasing demonstrations took place in Bristol and Cheltenham on the occasion of the public presentation and launch of the two life-boats contributed by those places to the National Life-boat Institution. The cost of the Bristol and Clifton life-boat had been collected through the Bristol Historic Club. The life-boat and carriage were drawn through the principal streets of the city in procession to the Zoological Gardens at Clifton, where the boat was presented to the institution by Mr. Commissioner Hill; and, after being named by Miss Florence Hill in the usual manner, was launched into the lake in the gardens, when various evolutions took place with the life boat to show its self-righting and other valuable properties. The boat is to be stationed at Llossiemouth, on the Scotch coast, and is the second life-boat contributed by the inhabitants of Bristol to the National Life-boat Institution. The ceremony at Cheltenham was also of a very interesting character. After being taken through the town, the boat was named by Lady Schreiber, and was launched into the lake in the Pittville Spa Gardens. The Cheltenham life-boat is to be placed at Burnham, on the coast of Somersetshire. Both these life-boat demonstrations afforded much gratification to the immense crowds who assembled to witness the proceedings, the occasions being observed almost as a general holiday. The various railway companies over whose lines these boats passed to their stations kindly, as usual, granted them a free conveyance.

SMOKING ON THE BRIGHTON RAILWAY.—On Saturday last, at the Guildford County Bench, before Mr. G. Best (chairman), the Hon. W. Brodric, the Hon. F. Scott, and Messrs. S. Matheson, D. Macdonald, J. Bradshaw, and H. Lawes Long, Mr. Arthur Benningfield was charged with assaulting James Perry, stationmaster of the Cranley station of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway. Mr. Carpenter, the company's chief of police, explained that the defendant had tendered an ample apology, and he was instructed to withdraw from the case. The chairman insisted on hearing the circumstances. Mr. Carpenter then said that on the 8th of September the defendant was in the waiting-room at the Cranley station, and the stationmaster, observing him smoking, courteously reminded him that he was breaking one of the company's by-laws. Upon this the defendant made use of very offensive language, and the stationmaster, who was standing quietly with his hands behind his coat, pointed out his impropriety in doing so. Defendant made no more ado, but struck him in the face, making his nose bleed and cutting his lip. Three days afterwards Mr. Benningfield apologised to the stationmaster and expressed his regret that he should for the moment have so far forgotten himself as to inflict any injury. Under these circumstances the company had instructed him (Mr. Carpenter) to withdraw from the prosecution. The Chairman—You are not the prosecutor. Mr. Carpenter—I gave instructions for the company that the summons should be taken out. The Magistrate's Clerk—The stationmaster is here himself and wishes this course to be taken. The Chairman—Of course the servant of the company would do as the company wishes him. Mr. Carpenter, in answer to the Bench, said that the summons was applied for after the apology had been tendered, but he (Mr. Carpenter) was not then aware of the fact. Mr. Bradshaw—I suppose the facts are these:—The defendant is what is called a respectable and wealthy man and he escapes. I have no doubt but he is a poor man he would have been proceeded against. The Chairman—Exactly so. Mr. Bradshaw—I wish the public to know that we think the withdrawal from this case is a disgrace to the Brighton Company. The Chairman—I am not inclined to listen to a word they say unless they give him some good reason. The defendant apologises, and the company listens to him because he is wealthy. Had he been a poor man, who could have offered no pecuniary remuneration, perhaps we should have heard nothing about the apology. I think if the Brighton Company, any other company, wish to protect their servants, they should let the law take its course, and not tamper with the ends of justice. Mr. Carpenter said he was simply carrying out his instructions. The Chairman—Well, we wish you to convey the opinion of the Bench to the directors of the Brighton Railway, and say that we think it a disgraceful thing on their part not to come forward and protect their servants. We need scarcely add that the defendant did not appear.

## TREATMENT OF INFERIOR RACES.

In one of the sections of the Social Science Congress at Manchester, last week, Mr. C. T. Roundell, secretary to the late Jamaica Commission, read a long paper (of which the following is a brief abstract) on the special question:—"What is the Duty of the Mother Country as regards the Protection of Inferior Races in her Colonies and Dependencies?" However difficult the task may be, the problem of the preservation of inferior races is capable of practical solution. The difficulties in our way are at once tangible and preventable; and, after all, the problem presented by savage and semi-civilised communities is essentially the same as that which regards the lowest and most neglected classes of European society—namely, their gradual participation in the best results, physical, intellectual, and moral, of Western civilisation. How, then, shall we arrive at the solution we desire? Is not the first step the rejection of all *a priori* assumptions and the patient investigation of facts, including the causes, of our miscarriage in the past? The principal cause of past miscarriage has been a failure to apprehend the fundamental distinctions between civilised and uncivilised modes of thought, habits of life, and states of society. This misapprehension, precluding a mutual understanding, has also precluded the natural influence of the superior over the inferior race. It has also, in many cases, nullified or converted into positive evil measures which were designed for good. The first step, therefore, is the understanding of our past misunderstandings, with a view to a wiser policy in the future, and in order to do this we must have recourse to facts and experience. The present age seems to be peculiarly fitted for the right solution of such a problem. As modern science is establishing itself upon a broader, more tentative, and sounder basis, so we may hope that modern statesmanship is becoming more philosophical, more experimental, more humane. The Colonial Minister has, moreover, for his guidance a multitude of facts, comparative as well as positive. Travellers, missionaries, and merchants are day by day opening up to us sources of information, which a quickened public intelligence and keener political tastes eagerly absorb. Out of the abundance of our materials we might, in fact, almost construct (if I may be permitted to coin a word) a science of comparative barbarology. At the same time we are arriving at a juster appreciation of our national responsibilities and of the inherent difficulties in the way of their discharge. Under the influence of a wider philosophy, we even admit that there is a great though unacknowledged debt which civilised man owes to savage man, while the application of the doctrine of continuity, as regards the history of the human species, leads us to the recognition of human affinities between the most refined and the most degraded specimens of the race. Acting upon this enlarged and more humane view of our relations towards uncivilised races, our first endeavour must be to estimate aright savage nature and savage manners. This done, we shall find that in the process many difficulties will have disappeared, and that such as are inherent in the subject are capable of being coped with by means within our own control. "The real interest of this country (says Lord Grey) is gradually to train the inhabitants of this part (the West Coast) of Africa in the arts of civilisation and government, until they shall grow into a nation capable of protecting themselves, and of managing their own affairs, so that the interference and assistance of the British authorities may by degrees be less and less required." In order to do this, our first care must be to apprehend the distinctive and characteristic features of savage life, to bear in mind their divergence from the European model, and to make it our business gradually to transmute them, in the crucible of a higher civilisation, by the force of example and by contact with European institutions. In this process we shall be careful to respect whatever rudiments of social organisation we may find already existing—not heedlessly breaking down even tyrannical or superstitious customs, but rather seizing hold of whatever good points may underlie the native institutions—family ties, local attachments, the habit of obedience to chiefs. It will be our wisdom to cherish these as points in common between us and them, as rudiments and germs, elementary and imperfect it may be, but still capable of being built upon, and of ultimately supporting the superstructure of civilisation. The first foundations of a new social system will have been laid when provision has been made for establishing some security for life and property. The great instrument for effecting this first object—and, indeed, the most potent solvent of barbarous customs—is the strong and impartial administration of justice. Under the shelter of law and of a system of police, habits of settled industry will begin to grow up, and with these nomadism will tend to disappear. Then, when these foundations of material order and industry have been laid, the ground will have been prepared for the action of moral agencies, and the barbarous people will have become amenable to the most potent and only efficacious instruments of civilisation—viz., education and the influences of Christianity. If it be objected that this is paying too great respect to barbarous customs, that the process of building up a new civilisation on the basis of a gradual transformation of barbarous habits and manners is necessarily tedious and unworthy of engaging the energies of a highly civilised government, it must be answered that, at any rate, more ambitious and compendious schemes have hitherto failed; that after all, races, like individuals, can only be elevated by self-effort—by effort, moreover, exercised in the development of their own peculiar gifts; and that, though the first beginning may be difficult, yet that, when once the beginning has been made, subsequent progress will proceed in an accelerated and geometrical ratio. With respect to the late disturbances in Jamaica, Mr. Roundell remarked that the verdict of the public had been passed upon the questions at issue, and, notwithstanding what had been said to the contrary, he believed that that opinion was right. He considered that those who had erred, erred not so much from degeneracy as from ignorance of facts, which the Royal Commission of inquiry had authoritatively established. These facts were before the nation, and the ultimate appeal lay not with a few literary cynics, but with the warm-hearted instincts of the great mass of the people of this country.

MR. ISAAC BUTT, Q.C., the Irish papers announce, has become a Roman Catholic, and is about to publish a pamphlet giving his reasons for the change. It is said that the change is by no means a hasty one, as he has been meditating it for years.

THE OPERATIVE BAKERS OF LONDON.—A meeting was held, on Saturday evening, in Myddelton Hall, Upper-street, Islington, for the purpose of taking measures for the abolition of night-work in the baking trade, and the shortening the hours of labour of operative bakers. The following resolutions were adopted:—"That night-work and unlimited hours of labour in the baking trade are unjust, unnecessary, and unnatural, and are the cause of much disease and premature death among the operatives employed in the trade." "That night-work and unlimited hours of labour in the baking trade, having grown with time, and become a general system in the metropolis, nothing is calculated to bring about a thorough and practical reform so soon as combined action among the operatives themselves; we therefore consider it the imperative duty of every man employed in the trade to at once join the amalgamated union, which has for its object the moral and social elevation of the journeyman bakers as a class." A remarkable feature of the meeting was a speech made by a Mr. Wright, a master baker, who strongly counselled the men to strike. "Fancy London without bread for forty-eight hours," said he. Well, it is not a pleasant thing to fancy.

THE CROPS IN THE NORTH.—The past fortnight has gone far towards securing the remaining part of the outstanding grain crops in the northern counties of Northumberland, Durham, and Westmorland, and the more northern and westerly portions of the North Riding of Yorkshire. There is a wide divergence of opinion as to the condition of the wheat crop, which it is maintained in some cases is irretrievably bad, but in others, and most generally speaking, not much worse. The statements are reconcilable when it is stated that low-lying districts, owing to the constant rain, have been much under water, and hence the damage done is very great; but in the general run of cases, where care has been taken to bind the sheaves tightly and "hood" them—that is, to invert one sheaf over the other to protect it—the great bulk of the crop has not materially suffered. Barley is in many cases discoloured, and therefore disqualified for maitling purposes, but otherwise its condition will not be much deteriorated. Oats are mostly still out, but the late frosty weather which set in on Sunday and Monday, with every prospect of continuance, will greatly better the condition of this crop and enable farmers to gather in what of barley or wheat may still have been left out. Beans and peas are a fair average crop. Turnips, except in some parts of Northumberland, are the best crop that has been seen for many years, and the same may be said of the root in Yorkshire. In potatoes the disease in some districts has made great ravages.







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